

The Reader's Digest

SERVICE



Of Permanent Interest:

Why the Farmer Sees Red	514
Good-bye, America!	515
Riding Through Space	517
A Prince Democratizes Japan	519
The American Type	521
The Patriotism of Hate	523
The College and the Common Life	525
The Italian-Greek Crisis	527
The Ten Greatest Scientists	529
Inland Seaports	531
How You Can Be More	533
Romance of the Automobile Industry	535
International Thought	537
The Great Game of Politics — I	539
Roosevelt — Father of Our Modern Navy	541
"Guests" of Chinese Bandits	543
Thanksgiving and Our Heritage	545
A Municipal Savings Account!!	547
How Russia Looked to Me	549
Popular Delusions	553
Our National Character	555
Fires of Conquest	559
Official Schools of Crime	563
Your All-Important Glands	565
Aspects of Industrialism	567
Voces Populi	569
Whirlpools of Beer	571
As I Like It	573

NOVEMBER NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

Why the Farmer Sees Red

Condensed from The New Republic (Nov. 7, '23)

Bruce Bliven

AFTER talking with scores of farmers, bankers, merchants, government officials, travelling salesmen and others in a number of localities in the wheat and corn belt, I believe that the following are the views which are today held by an overwhelming majority of the people of the Middle West. They grow out of the general economic situation—a situation the seriousness of which the East does not realize, in my judgment, even yet. These views are fairly reflected thus:

"Why does the East think it amusing to insult the men whom the West has elected to high office? Magnus Johnson started with nothing and carved his own fortune; there was a time when such a record would not have been a theme for ridicule. Anyhow, whether the East likes it or not, Johnson and men like Johnson will keep on going to Congress. The West is next door to bankruptcy today. For that condition Wall Street and Washington are partly responsible. In the past we've sent you soft-voiced, pleasant-spoken gentlemen to tell you our grievances, and you wouldn't listen. Now we intend that you shall listen whether you want to or not."

The farmers of the Middle West have been producing food since 1920 for practically nothing; and in many cases at an actual cash loss for the three years, even without counting their own time and labor and that of their families as being worth anything at all. As a result, they have come to the end of their rope. Thousands of men who owned their land subject to mortgage (as is the case with more than half of all Iowa farms), have lost it. Thousands more who were tenant farmers have

seen their savings swept away and have gone through bankruptcy, being forced to begin again with nothing after spending their lives in hard and honest toil in the most essential of all industries. The standard of living has been reduced to the lowest possible point; the farmer who has bought a new suit in the past four years is a conspicuous exception. In many localities, nearly every man who knows how to do any other kind of work has left the farm, never to return if he can avoid it. Social standards in rural communities are going steadily down. Many a farm boy who in former years would have gone to the state agricultural college to learn scientific methods is today studying for some other occupation.

The poverty of the farmers is reflected, of course, in the cities and towns. I talked with bankers who are facing the common prospect of losing everything they have if present conditions continue another two years; I visited bankers' homes where the evidences of rigid economy reminded one of the frugal days of the sod huts when the prairie was first being yoked. I doubt if there is a retail merchant in the corn or wheat belt who has not spent many anxious hours during the past four years planning how to keep afloat.

I found surprisingly small support for government price fixing on wheat, or for any other "paternalistic" measure. Apparently, many of those who voted for Johnson and Shipstead in Minnesota, or for Brookhart in Iowa, did not do so because they believed in the ideas set forth by these men. So far as I could dis-

(Continued on pages 561-562)

The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest,
in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

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Whole No. 21

Good-bye, America!

Condensed from *The National* (London)

Henry W. Nevinson

THE great ship slides down the river. Good-bye, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-bye to glimmering spires and lighted bastions, dreamlike as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision though mainly devoted to commerce and finance! Good-bye to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and powdered faces, sit leisurely at work! Good-bye, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and mouldering streets, extended monotonously over many miles; of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know something of powder but little of silk, and less of leisure. Good-bye, New York! I am going home.

Good-bye to beautiful "apartments" and "homes"! Good-bye to windows looking far over the city as from a mountain peak! Good-bye to central heating and radiators, to frequent and well-appointed bath-rooms, the glory of America's art! Good-bye to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend or enemy from enemy! Good-bye to shady verandas where rocking chairs stand

ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the "Saturday Evening Post"! Good-bye, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison—a land of open fires and chilly rooms and frozen water-pipes, of washing-stands and slop-pails, and one bath per household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof, and see no reason to make themselves seaisick by rocking upon shore. Good-bye America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the long stream of motors. Good-bye to the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business, however little is accomplished. Good-bye to outside staircases for escape from fire! Good-bye to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, tin pails, empty cans, and boots! Good-bye to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric wires along the streets, in clanking "trolleys," in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main Streets, and isolated wooden houses flung at random over the country-side. Good-bye to miles of advertisement imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat

somebody's cod fish ("No Bones"!), or smoke somebody's cigarettes ("They Satisfy"!) or sleep with innocence in the "Faultless Nightgown"! Good-bye to the long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and sleeps at night upon a shelf screened with heavy green curtains and heated with stifling air, while over your head or under your back a baby yells and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your "stopping-off place," and a semi-negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of unction! Good-bye to the house that is labelled "One Hundred Years Old," for the amazement of mortality! Good-bye to fields enclosed with casual pales, and lengths of wire! I am going to a land where the horse and bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of persistent and silent toil; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honored three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village churches built while people believed in God. Good-bye, America! I am going home!

Good-bye to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23 column 5! Good-bye to the weary platitude, accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-bye to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric for sustenance! Good-bye

to politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-bye to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred! Good-bye to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous, and Radicals show red! Where Mr. Gompers is called a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates emulated and unshamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent; a land where even Coalitions cannot coalesce; where meetings break up in turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage breast; a land fierce for personal freedom, and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where an ancient order of feudal families is passing away, and—Labor leaders whom Wall Street would shudder at are hailed by Lord Chancellors as the very fortifications of security.

Good-bye to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-bye to the indiscriminating appetite which gulps lectures as opiates, and "printed matter" as literature! Good-bye to the wizards and witches who claim to psycho-analyze my complexes, inhibitions, and silly dreams! Good-bye to the exuberant religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-bye, Americans! I am going to your spiritual home.

The foregoing excerpts appear in the Digest through the courtesy of B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York City, who have reprinted Mr. Levinson's complete paper in book form, under the title "Farewell to America." Send orders direct to the publishers; price 50 cents postpaid.

Riding Through Space

Condensed From *The Mentor* (Nov. '23)

Garrett P. Serviss

MOST of us no doubt think that the little globe on which we live simply whirls around on its axis once every day, and revolves around the sun once every year, coming back at the end of every twelve-month to the same position in space that it occupied before. That was the old and natural idea until Herschel, more than 100 years ago, showed that the sun, taking the earth and its other planets with it, must be moving rapidly through interstellar space in a northerly direction.

The distant stars are like coast beacons whose slowly shifting positions not only indicate to us that we are in motion, and the direction of our motion, but even enable us to calculate the speed with which we advance. Every year we advance 378,000,000 miles in the direction of the star Vega, one of the brightest in the heavens. Now, since at the same time the earth must go around the sun in the course of a year, it is evident that its track is not a circle or an ellipse, always lying in the same plane, but a spiral, in shape like a spiral spring. The track of the sun, which resembles the axis of the spiral, may be called a straight line. But the earth and all the other planets that circle around the sun, and at the same time advance with it toward Vega, must travel in spirals. It is a grand planetary waltz, led by the sun, and whirling away and away into the star depths. There they go — Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, each bearing along its moons if it has any (as most of them have), while, tripping in step with the others, goes the merry ring of the tiny asteroids, together with all the captured comets. The spiral of Mer-

cury is 72,000,000 miles in diameter, that of the earth 186,000,000, that of Neptune, the farthest, 5,600,000,000; but all of them, no matter how large or small the diameter of their respective spirals keep abreast in the advance toward the north, which is 378,000,000 miles a year for each.

The striking result is that we are never twice in the same location in space. Probably many of us think that we get back to the same place every New Year's day; but we do nothing of the kind. In consequence of the great journey, anniversaries occur only in time, never in space. We go back to the old home at Christmas; but, although the old home is at the same spot on the earth, yet we eat the Christmas turkey 378,000,000 miles from the place in the universe where we ate the turkey the year before. Between two successive birthdays we are carried through interstellar space a greater distance than we would have to go in circling the earth 15,000 times at the equator.

But let us look back at it from the viewpoint of history. The most modest estimate of the date of the first appearance of man puts it back at least 25,000 years. Well, in those 25,000 years the earth has traveled onward toward Hercules and Lyra, in the northern heavens, nine trillion four hundred and fifty million miles.

We are entering continually into new regions concerning we know not what. If the star Vega, toward which we are heading, stood still and waited for us, we ought to get there in about 600,000 years. But with regard to an encounter with any particular star or other object in space it is to be remembered that not only we but likewise all the

stars and all the nebulae are in motion. And many of those objects are traveling much more rapidly than the solar system. Moreover, their motions are in all sorts of directions, although many clusters of stars travel together in companies. There is abundance of room in space, and yet the phenomena of new stars suddenly blazing up like explosions seem to show that collisions do occur. . . .

Everybody has occasionally seen a "shooting star." Some have witnessed "showers" of these celestial sparks, when they seem almost as thick as fiery snowflakes. There was an appalling spectacle of that kind beheld all over the United States on the night of Nov. 13-14, 1833. There was another only less magnificent in 1866, and a brilliant one in 1872. These things come from outside the earth. If the earth were not voyaging through space, we should not encounter them. And what becomes of them? The heat of friction makes the air hotter than a furnace around them, and they are burned up — changed in an instant to gas and dust.

More startling, though far less frequent than shooting stars, are the big, glaring, and trail-leaving fireballs, called "meteorites," which occasionally come plunging upon the earth as it plows onward through space, and often strike the ground with great force. These missiles sometimes weigh many tons. And their speed, when they strike the upper limits of the atmosphere, is sometimes more than 40 miles per second. But the resistance is so great that the speed is rapidly reduced, though they may travel hundreds, or even thousands, of miles through the air, if the elevation is great; while, on the other hand, some are so much slowed up that at last they drop almost vertically upon the earth under the pull of gravity alone.

It is by such incidents that we are reminded what an effective shield the atmosphere is for the earth.

There are a few records of persons being killed by meteorites, but none by mere shooting stars, because the latter cannot reach the ground except in the form of dust. But it is believed that from fifteen to twenty millions of these little bodies enter the atmosphere every 24 hours, and although they may be on the average no bigger than peas or sand grains, yet their enormous speed would make them more dreaded than lightning bolts, if, luckily, they were not arrested and consumed before they can get through the air.

The atmosphere is not able to keep the big, heavy meteorites from reaching the ground, but it burns or melts off their surfaces, and by its resistance, also breaks them to pieces or causes them to burst asunder, in mid-flight, like exploding bombs. The thunder of an exploding meteorite — and several successive explosions sometimes occur — is audible for many miles, and has sometimes been heard over the width of a whole state; and their fragments have been scattered over square miles of territory.

There are mysteries about these objects that challenge solution. They come upon us out of the unknown seas of space. They are of two sorts: the iron meteorites and the stone meteorites. Some of them carry embedded black diamonds. The monster, perhaps several hundred feet in diameter, that drove a wide crater a thousand feet deep at Coon Butte, in Arizona, brought thousands of these minute diamonds. At 5:15 P. M. on May 2, 1892, the inhabitants of northern Iowa were startled by a cannonading noise. On looking skyward, they saw a blinding streak of light moving across the heavens from west to east. It exploded 11 miles northeast of Forest City, Iowa. Fragments were scattered over an area of two miles, and over one thousand were found.

A Prince Democratizes Japan

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (Oct. 13, '23)

Adachi Kinnosuke, Collier's Japanese Correspondent

THE fact that one man in Japan, the Prince Regent, commands the public confidence above all others is more important than any other, as far as the future destiny of Nippon is concerned. Japan is a small country; a very poor country, without iron, cotton, wheat or corn, and now nearly out of coal. There is just one thing which makes her great — that mystic power which makes the people think of the state above all else. It welds 57,000,000 people into one. It is the devotion to the Imperial House. Here is something the American does not understand. Our Emperor is interested in politics only incidentally. His main and all-absorbing job is to be Over-father to the people. The Emperor has never been a political autocrat. It is this fact which explains a unique historical fact — that in all the 2,500 years' history of the reigning family of Japan, there never was a single revolt against the Imperial House. Ambitious chieftains rose against a shogun time and again; people rose against the Government often. But never once against the Emperor. This is important for every student who would understand Japan.

What manner of man, then, is Hirohito, Crown Prince of Japan? He is 23 years old, and was created Regent in 1921, "on account of the protracted illness" of the Emperor. His very food — the people say — proclaim the Prince a man of the people. He neither drinks nor smokes. Because his father's health has always been so delicate, the paramount emphasis in the younger days of the Prince was ever on his health. He devotes his mornings to reading. At luncheon he talks over the news of

the day with court officials and friends. In the afternoon he receives ambassadors and ministers, studies conditions among factory workers and other classes, attends lectures, or indulges his love for outdoor sports—wrestling, swimming, riding, tennis, golf. Wrestling is the baseball of Japan; and his people are ever delighted to point out that the Prince likes the sport that the mass of his subjects like.

His claim to the title of the Great Democrat among the Mikado's subjects rests on many a picturesque incident. In January, 1918, 57,000,000 people stood open-mouthed at the news that the Prince was in love with Princess Nagako. To start with, this love match is the very first and the only love romance known in all the 2,500 years' history of our Imperial Family. In the second place, in Nippon, when a man marries he marries chiefly the girl's family, and not only the girl's family, but a hundred and one branches of it. And—the nobler the family the greater the connections and complications. The Prince's love match should be filmed against this background. The wedding of the Prince Regent to Princess Nagako this fall will be a feast for the eyes of the gods. For, from the Japanese point of view, it has about it too much of a miracle to be an earthly event.

Moreover, this love match turned out to be more than the first and only one in the dynastic history of the oldest reigning house—very much more than that. And in this way: Early in February, 1921, some 15,000 men marched to the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo, members of a newly organized body of patriots, called the National Prayer Offering Association,

to offer prayer for the marriage of the Crown Prince to Princess Nagako. For some time before that it had been noised abroad that there was a power—perhaps the mightiest in political Japan—bent on wrecking the dream of the two imperial lovers. It was the old, old fight of the Elder Statesmen of the Choshu clan against those of the Satsuma—the time-honored struggle for ascendancy of the two mighty clans at the Imperial Court. But Prince Yamagata appealed to the imagination of Japan, and in an incredibly short period the whole nation was chanting the death knell of the very institution of Elder Statesmen. Historians will chronicle this as the first great victory of Public Opinion in Japan. For at this time the Department of the Interior of Japan issued a remarkable note which told in definite terms that the engagement of the Prince stood. It told something more: it stated that the resignations of Baron Nakamura, and Mr. Ishiwara, the Minister of the Imperial Household, were accepted. It told, in short, the tale of the utter rout of the Choshu forces and of the downfall of the Elder Statesmen. The event was as important on our destiny as was the Declaration of Independence in yours.

More astounding even than this love dream, however, is the Prince himself. The third of March has been a wonder day on the calendar of Japan since the Days of the Gods. But that was due largely to the little maids of the empire: Dolls' Festival falls on that day every year. In 1921 the same day took unto itself a new historical interest. For the Crown Prince of Japan started on that day for Europe.

Never in all the 2580 years since the father of all the Mikados ascended the throne had anything like that happened. No Prince Imperial of Japan had ever before left the shores of Nippon. As with his love affair, the people lost their breath over this. They saw for the first time that the Crown Prince was, after all, a man

of flesh and blood, and not a mere deified abstraction of "state." They made this discovery in this way: The great newspapers in Japan took moving pictures of the Prince in every step of his wanderings abroad. These were shown to the people of Japan. There was a great fortune in these films, yet the pictures were shown all over the empire entirely free of charge. The newspapers spent a small fortune in giving the people of Japan a chance of seeing just how their Crown Prince was being received in the great centers of Europe and by the mighty of the Western world. Everywhere these films were greeted by record crowds. The effect on the people was tremendous. It constituted the mightiest object lesson the people of Japan has had in democracy. They had never dreamed of the possibility of such a scene in actual life. And the banzais over these pictures shook the very foundation of the political thought of the empire.

On September 3, 1921, 100,000 people were out on the pier, on roof tops, and in the streets of Yokohama to greet the returning Prince. The most emphatic of the many police orders to the street crowds was that they were to make no noise—no shouting, no "banzai." For it is an old notion that reverence for the Imperial House does not ride tandem with noise. But as the Prince alighted on the soil of Nippon, the thunder broke out. It seemed to shake the earth. It certainly did overturn the immemorial usages of the Japanese crowd toward Imperial personages. It was something warmer, infinitely more spontaneous and human than any greetings his august ancestors had known since the Twilight of the Gods. The people only remembered how very proud they were of the young Prince.

After the earthquake last month, one of the first questions asked by every refugee was: "Is the Crown Prince safe?" With such expressions, can there be any doubt that the Prince Regent lives first in the hearts of his countrymen?

The American Type

Condensed editorials from *The World's Work* (Nov. '23)

THE WORLD'S WORK this month publishes the first of a series of articles on the most important question confronting the American people at the present time. That is the question of immigration. There is no aspect of our foreign or domestic policy that concerns us so deeply as this. The real responsibility facing Congress is to determine the future of the United States for centuries to come. The way in which our lawmakers solve this problem will decide the character and ideals of the future American.

Mr. Gino Speranza, the author of these articles, and himself a product of the new immigration, dismisses the favorite theory that America is a "melting pot"; that the coming American is still in process of evolution. He finds that an American type does in fact exist and that it has existed for 300 years. It is the type that settled the Nation in colonial times, fought the American Revolution, wrote the Declaration of Independence, formulated the Constitution, founded our system of popular education, separated church and state, introduced religious tolerance, and made effective the other fundamental privileges that are essential to liberty and progress.

That this magazine has little sympathy with the Ku Klux Klan must be evident to any who has read a series of articles recently published in its pages. Most current discussions of the Ku Klux, however, overlook one important point; at basis it is a protest—wild, grotesque, and indeed, malicious—against a grievance which, in itself, is a reality. That there is a persistent agitation to discredit the original stock that built up this country and which still comprises overwhelmingly the largest element in it, must be evident to all

who watch current tendencies in American life. Such manifestations as the Ku Klux are a revulsion against this process, and the fact that even so ridiculous an organization can make such headway merely indicates the depth of the popular resentment.

"The World's Work" had recently an experience of this kind. A recent editorial made the statement that the population of the United States in 1789, when the Nation began its life, was 80 per cent English in origin, about 7 per cent Scotch-Irish, about 1 per cent Irish and 5 per cent German. Immediately a letter was received from Mr. Edward F. McSweeney, of Boston, the head of a committee appointed by the Knights of Columbus to investigate and re-write the history of the United States, chiefly with the plan of showing the contributions each race has made. Accompanying this letter was a pamphlet—an introduction to the contemplated series of racial studies, in itself a bird's-eye view of the points which are evidently to be made. The pamphlet is not written with much dignity, and opinions and prejudices are frequently made to do service as facts.

Yet the foreigner, unacquainted with the United States, would derive from it the impression that the Anglo-Saxon had contributed little to the making of the United States, but that the races mainly responsible for its present eminence are the Germans and the Irish. That the earliest settlers in certain sections were English is admitted, but, according to Mr. McSweeney, arrivals from England were not numerous after the 17th Century; suggestions are even thrown out that the main use England found in Colonial America was as a dumping ground for convicts

and miscellaneous undesirables. Attention is arrested by a statement that the Irish and Germans contributed most to American immigration during the Colonial Period. It is true that in another paragraph a distinction is drawn—a wholly unwarranted one—between immigrants and colonists—English arrivals belonging to the second and not the former class; but this method of presenting facts is hardly worthy the name of history.

Another illustration of race consciousness is presented on the New York stage. For more than a year a stirring play, "Rain," has been attracting great and appreciative audiences. One of the chief characters is a Protestant clergyman, a missionary in the South Sea Islands, who is portrayed in the odious role of a rapist. The Protestant community of New York, which is still a large one, has uttered no outcry against this portrayal; indeed, there is no reason why it should get excited, for the character is an entirely plausible one, and is thus appropriate to the stage. The figure is not upheld as a typical Protestant clergyman—merely as an erring brother. However, a few blocks away another play concerning a clergyman is presented. This is the moving picture version of Victor Hugo's great masterpiece, "Notre Dame de Paris." Readers will recall that the most stirring motif of Hugo's book is the passion of the Archdeacon of the Cathedral for Esmeralda, the gypsy girl. It is the compelling part of the story; without this, indeed, there is not much story left. Yet in the current production Claude Frollo, the ascetic priest turned sensualist, scarcely appears. In one or two scenes this, the great figure of Hugo's romance, moves in stately fashion through the cathedral, but there is no excuse for introducing him, as he does not figure in the plot. The climax of Hugo's story comes when the dwarf, Quasimodo, the protector of the girl, hurls the priest from the top of Notre Dame; on the screen, however, he treats in this fashion the

priest's rascally brother, Jehan. A more nonsensical film has seldom found its way into the moving picture theatre; almost never, even on the screen, has a great work of literary art been so mauled. The book is subjected to this treatment, of course, in order not to wound the religious feelings of a considerable part of the audience.

If the "Merchant of Venice" should be made into a "movie" and Shylock and his pound of flesh entirely eliminated, out of regard for the feelings of the Jews, the producer would do to this great comedy precisely what he has done to Hugo's romance. But the chief lesson to be drawn is that there is virtually a religious censorship, even though not definitely organized, at work on the American stage. It is permissible to display a Protestant clergyman in the most revolting light, but not a Roman Catholic priest—even when the latter is the most important character in a book which is supposedly being filmed. . . .

One would never suspect that that the racial constituents of the American population in 1790 were definitely known. In reply to Mr. McSweeney's demand for the authority of "The World's Work's" statement, he is referred to an extremely exhaustive and scholarly publication of the United States Census Bureau, "A Century of Population Growth in the United States, 1790-1900." This contains a chapter on the very subject under discussion; the races that made up the American population in 1790:

Nationality	Number	Per Cent
All nationalities..	2,810,248	100.0
English	2,345,844	83.5
Scotch	188,589	6.7
Irish	44,273	1.6
Dutch	56,623	2.0
French	13,384	0.5
German	156,457	5.6
Hebrew	1,243	0.1
All other	3,835	0.1

The combination of these several elements had, by 1790, produced the
(Continued on 1st col., page 551)

The Patriotism of Hate

Condensed from *The Christian Century* (Oct. 25, '23)

Lloyd C. Douglas

THE Ku Klux Klan, of today, had the good fortune to choose a name about which considerable sentiment clustered. Moreover, this new movement showed wisdom in breaking away from the customary processes of propaganda and organization, of which the whole world is weary. Latterly, to the establishment and crystallization of a sentiment, it is necessary, first, for the promoters of the cause to rent the 18th floor of an office building in New York, wherefrom emerges tons of organization literature. Elaborate machinery is invented to serve the convenience of local groups, throughout the country, charged with the responsibility of "putting the thing over." Tired little minorities of people who had already been through the mill, three dozen times in the past biennium, are furnished with the inevitable "pledge-card" to solicit support for the institution. Preachers are enjoined to give a Sunday to it. The parent-teachers' association makes an afternoon of it. There are a few "mass meetings," in which the mass is distinguished for its absence. We have all gone through this sort of thing so often that it fairly sickens us when the Third Vice-president of the No More Chewing-gum Society comes to town and invites a small group of representative citizens to a complimentary luncheon.

With surprising talent, the Ku Klux Klan detoured around these organization blunders, and brought to pass a huge and powerful concern practically by word of mouth and a minimum of machinery. . . . But it is not destined to last very long. So soon as it comes out in the open, with an ardent and candid campaign for

members, organizes a woman's auxiliary and a children's coordinate order—as has come to pass in many quarters—the thing has seen the beginning of the end. The business of klanning is a man's job. The lure of it is heavily invested in the mask, the assembly in the dark, the mysterious signs and passwords. . . . Meanwhile, it is something to be worried over. The printed statement of its faith reveals a handful of principles to which practically every loyal American would agree; but the actual motivation of the thing is Hate. Whatever may be the innocuous nature of the pledge exacted of the clansman, the institution is held together by its noisy antipathy to several social groups with whom we live, in this country, at close quarters.

Less than a year ago, I attended a meeting where a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi, and a Protestant minister made addresses. When the chairman spoke of the cordial sentiment prevailing among these men, significant of a new era of good feeling between the groups they represented, the crowd cheered the comment, enthusiastically. It may be doubted if the chairman could make that observation, today, without sensing a certain restraint on the part of the crowd—any crowd—for the general public is feeling the effect of this klan movement.

Without doubt, the chief hate of the klan is directed against the Catholics. Ever since I was a little boy, I have heard persistent rumors, in every community I have lived in, to the effect that the Catholics were getting ready to rise up and do something—nobody was quite sure what. But all this idle clatter about the

disloyalty of the Catholics has lacked the definiteness and clean-cut authenticity of the conventional rumor. Whatever it is that the Catholics have been planning to do, against the best interests of the country, they appear not yet to have done it. They have generously supported the multitudinous causes looking toward human welfare. And when the nation was asked for a blood-offering, they have not been tardy with their share of the price.

The fact remains, however, that the Catholics have often put a premium on the criticism indicated above in the manner with which they have stood solidly together in municipal elections. The only observable difference between their attitude, and that of certain other groups, is that the Catholics have usually been more effectively organized. The others would gladly have registered as much success in standing together, if they had possessed the unifying machinery. A Catholic mercantile concern is more likely to insist upon Catholic employes than a Protestant concern insists upon hiring Protestants. It is true, also, that a religion which conducts its worship in a language with which the American public is not conversant, naturally exposes itself to misunderstanding. Many Catholics have been selfish; most of them are bigoted and narrowly sectarian. In this regard, however, they have had examples provided them by certain Protestant groups whose parochialism and pin-headed bigotries speak for themselves. And when it comes to senseless superstitions — a frequent charge levelled at Catholicism — for some of us to insist upon that indictment only reveals that we have no sense of humor.

It is said that the Knights of Columbus are leagued to defend Catholicism against all comers. It is possible that the Knights of Columbus have sometimes had reason to suspect a similar ambition on the part of certain other Knights who appear to be zealous in the cause of protecting

Protestantism. And if either party of Knights explains that its group came to pass in an effort to counteract the activities of some other group, it might be shown that the Knights of Columbus is heavily outranked, in years, by several other organizations of the sort, promoted by Protestants.

At all events, if the close cooperation of the Catholics, in trade, politics, and unformed organizations is undesirable, in America, the dispassionate bystander doubts whether this error may be corrected through the mass organization of some mysterious Thing pledged to make the Catholic loosen up his corporation. It goes without saying that the activities of the klan, if they are to have any effect upon the Catholics, will only strengthen the morale of the latter's organizations, and provide them with a very excellent excuse for the practice of intolerances toward the Protestants. In other words, if the klan is out to correct the inharmonious relations which frequently divide the Protestants and Catholics into mutually contemptuous groups, it has chosen the method, of all methods, which absolutely guarantees its own defeat. If I want a man to see things my way, I had better not organize against him. If he seems to have banded his people together, and I doubt the wisdom of his unsocial course, is it likely that I may dissuade him of it by rigging up exactly the same kind of machinery wherewith to tighten up my group?

The writer does not intend, here, to serve as a self-appointed attorney for Catholicism. That would be a mere impertinence. It may be assumed that an institution which has survived so long, and effectively, requires no defense. There are plenty of features of this great organization with which the non-Catholic can hardly be expected to have much patience. Some of its principles are obviously ill-adapted to a democracy. It is unfortunate in that it is required to

(Continued on 2d col., page 551)

The College and the Common Life

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (Nov. '23)

Alexander Meiklejohn, Former President Amherst College

I RECENTLY mentioned the necessary difference which every college scholar has from every other man who is not a scholar; and I am now asked to make this statement more clear to the people from whom the teacher ought to differ. The statement is, of course, one which arouses hostility. "Why cannot teachers be sensible and normal?" ask the common people. "We do not intend to provide machinery by which our children shall be educated away from us." . . .

The one real question as to the success of a democracy is this—can it learn to think? The bane of a democracy is the man of easy solutions. He does not need to think; he knows. He does not need to experiment; he has already found the way. His father has told him, or his party, or his common sense, or his church. Against such men we need to establish the technic of thinking. Let it be understood among us that no man has a right to an opinion on any subject unless it rests upon the best thinking which we have upon that subject. There is no greater sin than that of holding an opinion as true without proper evidence, when proper evidence is available. It is one of the defects of all experiments in freedom that they encourage men in the silly notion that we are intellectually alike and equal. We are not. Most of us do not know our bodies as well as our physicians do; nor can we build bridges as well as engineers nor can we manipulate political machines as well as those who have perfected themselves in that art. If we have not ourselves studied a subject or situation we must defer to the judgment of those who, having done

so, are, at that point, our superiors.

We must and we do recognize the special powers of special groups to deal with special situations. We must take all these and make them together into a single comprehensive plan. Each group must be master in its field. Each must be servant of the whole. The question is, Can these two things be done at once? That is, I think, the most urgent administrative question of a democracy.

It is from this point of view that it is necessary that the teacher keep himself apart from common standards. We should all agree, I presume, that the justification of the teacher's work is that we need good minds. The teacher must survey the world, must discover what thinking is needed in it, and must endeavor, as best he can, to supply that kind of thinking.

My own answer to this question of the kind of thinking we need is that we should bring the pupil face to face with the decisions which his elders made so that he may again meet and decide the questions which they decided before him. Shall a boy not be taught to understand his father rather than to imitate him? I believe that teachers should see to it that young people are not helpless dependents upon an older generation. They should be taught to play their part in active creative thinking. If a father has had to fight difficulties with hard and grim independence he need not expect to train his son to be like himself by taking all the hardness and grimness and independence out of his experience. Many people who are keenly aware of the application of this principle to the bodies of their children seem utterly obli-

ious to it in the training of their minds and souls. I know fathers who want their boys to grow in moral strength but to have nothing to be moral about, to have no moral decisions to make. They want their sons to be intelligent, but to have no real thinking to do. But teachers know that, young or old, a man is, and is only, what he does.

With this tragic illusion of the successful parent the American teacher is ever confronted. We are a terribly successful people. And upon our teachers is laid the responsibility of saving our children from our successes. This is one of the chief reasons why the teacher must be apart from us, must bring to the training of our children an insight deeper and more far-seeing than ours—if we are to escape being cruel and dull.

Likewise, our social and political groups, our churches, shops, offices, have chosen ends to be attained, have decided upon modes of procedure by which those ends may be won. Shall young people be led to accept ends and procedure by faith—faith in the wisdom of their elders? Or shall they be trained to do what those of the elders whom they admire have done before them? Which will give us the sort of thinking which we need?

We must face the fact that there is difference of opinion in every important human situation. In politics we divide into parties and each of these proclaims that the policies of the other spell disaster. It is so when creeds of churches are formulated, or when college faculties meet, or when groups of artists confer upon values of technic. The human individual does not lazily open his eyes to find the truth standing clear and stark before him. He hammers out truth by strife and conflict of idea. Every man who ever thought a thought or made a decision knows that.

Forever in our social life the youth is rising up to take the place of youth

that passes by. And what we do with youth determines what our social life shall be. If young people are to understand their elders and the world which these thus far have made, it means that teachers must bring again to youth in newer forms the questions which their fathers faced and answered in their day. It means that youth must learn to think—and what to think about.

Old people wish our teachers to be advocates, to plead their causes with the young, to get them pledged to party, code, or creed before they know what parties, codes, and creeds are all about. How often they say, "Why will those teachers puzzle the minds of children with silly panaceas which every man of common sense has put aside as nonsense long ago?" . . . The teacher's task is hard because we, as a people, do not know as yet what thinking is. Great numbers of our people dream of making and forbidding thoughts by legislation. We want young people taught the proper doctrines. We dare not trust them or their minds. We have no faith in their thinking. And so for many of our people, the plan of education is to hire the teacher to make sure that thinking—dangerous thinking—is not done. . .

Here is, I think, the reason why the teacher stands apart from other men and their opinions. He is the student of the thinking of the world. He studies and works with minds as others study crops or motor cars. Whatever his personal bias, professionally the teacher stands apart. He does not train for any party, any creed. In every party he finds good thinking and bad; in every sect are intelligent and dull. The teacher wants good thinking done in every party. He cannot be committed as men of action are. His faith is not in any party or its doctrines. His faith is in the mind of man. He teaches younger people to be men—in thinking. If he can reach that end, then he has done his work.

The Italian-Greek Crisis

Adapted from *The Atlantic Monthly* (Nov. '23)

Sir Frederic Maurice

ON August 27 a band of Greeks or Greek agents assassinated in cold blood the Italian members of the Albanian Boundary Commission. It was clear that Italy was entitled to the most ample apologies and to substantial reparations. But M. Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece was as violent as had been the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia which precipitated the World War. The Greek Government rejected the more extravagant of M. Mussolini's proposals, and appealed to the Council of the League of Nations, which happened to be in session. But M. Mussolini had already acted. A naval and military expedition had occupied Corfu. Corfu is the key to the Adriatic; in the hands of a great naval power, it is a dagger at the heart of Greece and Jugoslavia. The apparatus of war was set in motion in Italy, the Italian press was warned to publish no information as to naval and military movements; the Italian troops embarked for Corfu singing patriotic songs amid the cheers of the excited populace, and the preliminary steps were taken for calling out two classes of reserves. War fever was rapidly spread through Italy by the virulent propaganda of the Italian press, and in London war was considered to be almost inevitable.

The first meeting of the Council of the League to consider the dispute took place September 1, with M. Politis present as representing the Greeks. Thus within 24 hours of the full development of the crisis the representatives of the disputants were seated at the same table. This achievement of the League has not been recognized at its full value. The influence of the League machinery in

the attainment of a peaceful solution has been very generally overlooked, owing to the disappointment of those who were eager to see the League assert its authority swiftly and dramatically.

Judged by the old rules of the game, the disturbance had gone so far that there was no turning back. Moreover, if the League of Nations mixed with this affair of national honor, Mussolini announced to the world, he would take Italy out of the League. But at the close of the Council's first meeting the Italian member, M. Salandra, left for Rome to interview M. Mussolini, no doubt to inform him that Italy would find little or no support at Geneva. At any rate, the tone of the Italian Prime Minister immediately began to change. He announced that Italy had no intention of going to war with Greece, that the occupation of Corfu was a purely peaceful enterprise, and entirely of a temporary nature to be held as a pledge for the prompt payment of reparations. This was curious language to apply to the forcible occupation of the territory of another Power, resulting in the death of a number of persons. In other words, the direct result of the intervention of the League was that the danger of war had receded into the background.

With the arrival of all the delegations for the opening of the Fourth Assembly of the League on September 3, the views of the smaller nations became articulate. At once the League unsheathed its strongest weapon — publicity. Continent by continent, nation by nation, the world registered its opinion, first of the Greek performance and second, of Italy's reprisals. The Scandinavian

group, for example, let it be known that they would consider their position in the League valueless if the League refused to respect the rights of the smaller as against the greater Powers.

Whatever else he may be, Mussolini is a strong, acute statesman and a magnificent manipulator. In three days of open debate the Assembly had taught him how the world felt, and he could not afford to stay in Corfu. Greece, equally, had learned that no one condoned her crime or grudged Italy the proper apologies and reparations. Greece abandoned at once even her first weak exception to the reparation terms. It was up to Mussolini to find a loophole of escape. To back down before the League, after his bold defiance, would be a confession of weakness. And he rules Italy by his reputation for dramatic strength. Lord Cecil found the way out. The murdered men were functionaries of the Council of Ambassadors. And Mussolini laid down his arms—to the Council of Ambassadors. He agreed to forgive Greece on the terms arranged by the League of Nations—at the instance of the Council of Ambassadors. For the Council and the Assembly kept in close touch with each other, and the terms imposed upon Greece by the Conference of Ambassadors, and accepted by both the Greek and Italian Governments, were essentially the proposed terms considered at the Assembly of the League and forwarded by that Assembly to the Council of Ambassadors.

If you are one of those who hope that some day soon the United States will join with the rest of the world to prevent war, you were no doubt discouraged by the cry that the League of Nations had failed in this dispute between Italy and Greece. But, as we have seen, the League did not fail. It really stopped a war. Of course it is not absolutely certain that the Corfu affair would have led to war, but it is most likely. And at best, had things been allowed to drift along

in the old way, Italy would either have held Corfu because no one cared to pay the price of ejecting her, or would have traded her evacuation for some other advantage of territory or "sphere of influence." It all gives backing to Earl Grey's contention that if the League had existed in 1914 we should have avoided the European war.

The episode illustrates both the strength and weakness of the League as it stands today. It could not in the Corfu affair come out with a dramatic "Thou shalt not." To accomplish that—when advisable—it must get itself far more firmly entrenched in the habits of Europe and the world. Its strength as displayed in this passage at arms is, first, its machinery for bringing the world's public opinion instantly to bear on a public disturber, and, second, the statesmanlike skill, combined with high intentions, of the men who govern its policies—like Cecil, Branting, Hymans, Hanotaux, and Motta. Nothing yet has so well proved their high intentions as their sacrifice in this Corfu matter of personal and corporate prestige to the cause of peace. It might possibly have been better for the prestige of the League if the Conference of Ambassadors had not been in existence and if the whole matter had been in the hands of the League. But under the circumstances the function of the League was clearly to forward a settlement by the Conference of Ambassadors in every possible way.

The essence of the matter is that war has been prevented, and that the competence of the League of Nations has been acknowledged. It has been acknowledged by the constant interchange of communications between the Conference of Ambassadors and the Council of the League—by the fact that the final terms of the settlement are almost identically those proposed by the Council—and by the fact that the amount of reparations to be paid by Greece is to be determined by the Permanent Court of International Justice, which is an important part of the machinery of the League. The function of the League is to preserve peace by the use of all possible means of conciliation; its sanctions are intended to be used only when all other means of preserving peace have failed.

The Ten Greatest Scientists

What They Have Done for You

Condensed from *Popular Science Monthly* (Nov., '23)

J. Arthur Thompson (As told to G. B. Seybold)

WHO are the 10 greatest scientists of history? The question reminds me of the great philosopher who, having spent a lifetime working out a system of thought, was approached by a young woman and airily asked, "Will you please give me the gist of your philosophy in a word or two?"

Edison cannot be included in our list. He has done great things, but he stands upon the shoulders of others. He is a practical man making use of the underling principles discovered by the great scientists. The position of James Watt in history is similar to that of Edison. Every schoolboy knows that Watt invented the condensing steam-engine. But Watt, too, merely applied the discoveries of others. . . . Following every great scientist there have been a flood of inventors—those who put to practical application the ideas of the great ones. And, sad to say, it is often true that these inventors, because their work is more obvious, are much better known than the fathers of science.

What I mean by a great scientist is one who has opened the gates and let in a flood of knowledge that changed everything—one who has discovered new principles which have become foundation stones of science.

1. Aristotle. In Aristotle's time, with the exception of mathematics (for even then, more than 2000 years ago, mathematics was a high science), everything that we now consider science was in a muddled state of ignorance and superstition. Stories served for scientific explanations. But Aristotle searched for knowledge until he found it. He had heard many discussions about

the process whereby a chicken came forth from an imprisoning shell. He satisfied himself by the simple expedient of breaking open an eggshell every day and observing just now far the little chick had developed. His discovery of animal development marked a new epoch in the history of mankind. Aristotle laid the foundations of comparative anatomy, for he dissected many animals and gained a very thorough knowledge of their structure. He did not believe, as some do even today, that bats were birds or that whales were fishes. He understood that both were mammals. Aristotle wrote a wonderful book on animals which may be studied with profit today. He had intimate knowledge of bird and beast and plant. His intense curiosity, satisfied by patient and careful observation, enabled him to classify the sciences and point out the way that others after him could follow. Scientists today still follow lines of thought marked out by this great Greek pioneer.

2. Galileo, the father of mechanics. Every shipbuilder, bridge-builder, and mechanic today owes much to Galileo, who climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped at the same time a ten-pound and a one-pound weight. They hit the ground together. In that day every one believed that a ten-pound weight would reach the ground in one tenth the time taken by a weight of one pound. . . . Galileo was a maker of telescopes. He studied the heavens, amazing the whole world. How marvelous was the announcement that the earth revolved about the sun instead of the sun revolving about the earth! It

changed the whole thought of the time. Little wonder that the Church, whose teaching that man and the world were the center of the universe, should persecute Galileo until he was forced to take back all that he had said, even while he protested fervently in his heart that he knew he was right. Astronomy rests upon his discoveries, and he discovered his now famous Laws of Motion.

3. Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation. Newton opened a wide gate when he found this key that was shown to fit all the locks of astronomical movements, such as the revolution of the planets and their satellites, and the coming and going of the comets in immensely elongated ellipses. Then, too, he showed how to calculate the mass of the sun in terms of the earth, how to find the exact shape of the earth, how to explain the tides, and much more besides. As Pope said:

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in
night,
God said, Let Newton be, and all was
light.

4. William Harvey, the English physician, who discovered that the heart is a pump, forcing pure blood through the body and impure blood to the lungs, and that the blood moves in a circle. When his discovery was announced in the 17th century, it was the sensation of the day. Instead of guessing, Harvey watched through a lens the movement of an animal's heart. Instead of theorizing he observed blood flowing in the web of a frog's foot. He used the true scientific method. Besides this discovery, which ultimately changed the methods of all physicians, Harvey did much in combatting the idea—foolish it seems now—of spontaneous generation. People believed that a fly, for example, could spring spontaneously from a piece of meat and that a worm could develop from a horse hair. But Harvey, from careful study of embryos, said: "Every living creature comes from a living creature." Harvey unraveled the tangled thoughts of his day about the human body and gave medicine a

great push forward.

5. Antoine Laurent Lavoisier was a French chemist who lived in Paris during the time of the French Revolution. Crying: "We have no need of scientists!" an angry mob condemned him to be guillotined. His claim to greatness lies in his contribution of the idea of the conservation of matter. Before Lavoisier there were no chemists unless you regard as chemists the many alchemists who stood over pots striving to change various elements into gold.

Lavoisier stated the principle that when one starts out with a substance of a given weight, and after putting it through different processes, gets something different—gases, solids, or liquids—all of these added together in the end should give the same total as the original weight. This is true, he said, if the substance has been confined so that nothing has had a chance to escape. . . . Since then, the balance has become one of the most important devices in the chemical laboratory. Now, when we find that a substance weighs less after it has passed through a certain process, we conclude that something has escaped. What was it? Then we find out what escaped and learn, perhaps, that what formerly was lost and wasted can serve some useful purpose in business or manufacture.

Lavoisier was the first man to understand and explain it correctly. The teaching of the day was that there was in inflammable substances a certain material of fire called "phlogiston" which, when released, was the cause of heat, flame, and light. Lavoisier denied the existence of this mysterious material and overthrew the superstition by demonstrating that the presence of oxygen was the factor that brought about combustion. He showed that rusting of iron, burning of coal, and the explosion of dynamite all were the results of the same process of oxidation carried out at different speeds. . . . Lavoisier established the foundations of modern chemistry.

(To be continued.)

Inland Seaports

Condensed from The Forum (Oct. '23)

Clifford Thorne

UNDER normal conditions it costs to ship a ton by rail from five to ten times what it costs to ship the same ton by water. Consider the tremendous handicap under which the producer or manufacturer in the interior of the United States must operate in competition for world commerce. Within the Mississippi valley there is a land-locked territory equal in extent and possibilities to ten countries the size of France. Based upon the population density in certain portions of Europe, this area is capable of sustaining approximately one-third of the present population of the world.

In the Mississippi valley, nature has paved the way for two of the greatest engineering feats on the globe. To the north, through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and to the south through the Mississippi River, we can develop an ocean highway.

By an estimated expenditure of \$232,728,000 (at present prices) on the St. Lawrence waterway project, the cities on the Great Lakes can become virtually ocean ports. This will shorten the distance from these lake ports to European markets by more than 500 miles. It will eliminate 1,000 miles of railroad transportation through congested and costly terminals. The sale of power created by the construction of the several dams which will be required will pay a liberal return on the investment. When this project is completed it will, in effect, bring the great empire in the heart of the Mississippi valley, with its great grain and live stock, and its coal and iron, 1,000 miles closer to the ocean.

Based on costs prevailing before

the war, 24 feet of water could be secured from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence for less than the cost of the Panama Canal. Although this official estimate may be questioned by some experts, the essential fact is that leading engineers say that the project is feasible.

Ocean-going vessels of all kinds, with the exception of about five per cent of the largest freight and passenger ships in the world, could go today from Lakes Superior and Michigan through Lake Huron, then Lake Ontario, and thence via the St. Lawrence River to Montreal—were it not for a stretch of about 50 miles of rapids in the upper portion of the St. Lawrence. The creation of two large dams to make this navigable constitutes the crux of what is commonly known as the St. Lawrence project.

To the south from Lake Michigan it is proposed to deepen and complete the channel across the Chicago divide through the Des Plaines and Illinois Rivers to the Mississippi River at St. Louis, and thence to the Gulf of Mexico, making it capable of handling ocean-going vessels. In course of time the Mississippi valley will have a sea coast through its very center, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In the Gulf of Mexico we find a river in the ocean which we call the Gulf Stream. This ocean current will assist us in carrying our freight to European markets; it travels at an average speed, the year round, estimated variously at from 50 to 100 miles per day, which is swifter than the current in the Mississippi River and is several times faster than the average speed of American freight cars. . . Through the Panama Canal

we have access to another river of the ocean—the Pacific Equatorial Current, which flows on a direct line to the Philippines, and thence northerly along the Asiatic shores. The average speed of this current is about 25 miles per day. . . . Thus two great ocean currents are ready to assist us in carrying our products both to Europe and to Asia.

Even George Washington, and the explorers LaSalle and Joliet, conceived the great possibilities of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway. Theodore Roosevelt said: "The Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway should be pushed to completion vigorously and without delay. The Mississippi should be made a loop of the sea, and work upon it should be begun at the earliest possible moment." Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, recently stated: "The project is entirely feasible, the cost comparatively moderate."

Julius H. Barnes, head of the U. S. Grain Corporation during the war, estimates the proposed development of the St. Lawrence waterway will mean a saving to the farmers of the west in the price of their grain of at least five cents per bushel. This includes lower transportation and transfer costs. On the basis that the price of export grain under normal conditions determines the price for the balance of the crop, this will mean approximately \$180,000,000 annually to the farmers of the grain belt in this country.

One of our greatest competitors in world commerce before the war was Germany. One of the chief factors contributing to her remarkable industrial development was the extensive use of her inland waterways, the tonnage by water increasing from 13,000,000 in 1875 to 109,000,000 in 1913.

Neither the railroads nor the eastern ports will maintain permanently a policy of throttling the full development of the natural resources of the rest of the nation. They know full well that the ultimate effect will

be for the benefit of the whole people. The value of being situated close to the heart of production and close to the center of consumption is gradually sinking into the consciousness of business men. The U. S. Steel Corporation selected Gary, Indiana, for its steel plant, the largest in the world. When the Standard Oil Co. established its great refineries, among the largest on earth, they selected four locations in the Mississippi Valley. The greatest live stock market, and the largest packing establishments are in Chicago. The largest flour mills are in Minnesota. On the bluffs at Keokuk, Iowa, you can see into three states; within their boundaries are to be found: the center of the total area of farms in the United States; the center of improved acreage; the center of wheat, corn, and oat production; the center of live stock production.

With leather and cotton produced in the west and south, and our factories and cotton mills located in New England, the railroads obtain a double haul of the shoes and clothing worn by the western and southern producers. The railroads and eastern manufacturers will try to forestall a possible future competitor on the Mississippi River. But the first men who are broad-gauged and farsighted enough will reap the greatest rewards. New companies building their plants, and older companies seeking locations for future extensions, must select the Mississippi Valley, or their competitors will do so, thereby obtaining an advantage of inestimable value.

The Mississippi Valley is destined to become the great workshop of the world, and ocean-going vessels will carry her products to the farthest corners of the earth. Universities, factories, cities, the peer of any on earth, will be found close to the Great Lakes or on the banks of the Father of Waters before the close of the 20th century, marking the center of American life.

How You Can Be More

Condensed from The American Magazine (Nov. '23)

G. Stanley Hall (Reported by Bruce Barton)

IT might easily be argued that no one in history, except perhaps Napoleon, ever had so much of the responsibilities of the whole world upon him for the same number of years as David Lloyd George. Last spring I said to him, "I would really like to know how you slept during the war." He laughed. "I slept well," he answered. "I *always* sleep well. I never had a wakeful night. Not one!" "Not even in the most critical period?" I asked. "Never!"

Of course that is partly a gift, but there is a decided element of self-training in it. You can school yourself so that the nerves will carry the message to the brain that this is the time for sleep, and that nothing else matters. . . . How is it that Lloyd George, with the same five senses, and the same 24 hours, we all have, could carry a great nation through a world war, while most of us are tired out by the petty routine of our utter lives? Could we ordinary folks, if only we knew the secret, call on ourselves for far greater productive powers? Recently I asked these questions of that sage among American psychologists, G. Stanley Hall. . . .

"First of all, no man can unlock the secret chamber of his unused powers if he lives in a state of fear. Thousands of persons pass through the world without ever living in any real sense. They are afraid of something — *always*. Afraid of other people; afraid of losing their jobs; afraid of being cheated out of their savings; afraid of what their acquaintances will say of them; afraid of old age; afraid of death. Every hour which we spend under the domination of fear is an hour subtracted from our lives.

"I once hypnotized a patient and told him that we were going to apply a hot iron to his back, and we asked him not to cry out until it became unbearable. Of course no iron was applied—merely the pressure of a sensitive thermometer. When the patient cried out that the heat was too much we recorded the reading of the thermometer. Then we reversed the experiment, saying that this time a tube of liquid air was to be applied. We explained how the feeling of cold would grow more and more intense, and asked the subject not to cry out until he could stand no more. Then we again read the thermometer—and between the first reading and the second there was a difference of more than six degrees. The temperature of the room was the same; but inside the patient everything had changed.

"Now, if fear can cause such physical phenomena as that, think what the day-by-day effect must be on the brain, the heart, and the nerves! Every emotion leaves its trace upon the sensitive substance of the mind. The same emotion, weakly submitted to, day after day, wears a deep path for itself. The man who once lets the fear of living begin to work upon him has started a habit as insidious and as destructive as the use of drugs.

"No matter what form our own special fear may take, the way to victory is this: One must face it frankly the first day; a little more frankly and firmly the second; with a little larger resolution the third, and so on. Gradually the groove which submission has worn will become healed over, and a new groove

of self-confidence will be formed in its place.

"So the first counsel is to analyze our fears. Discover wherein they have their roots. Then begin to build up some habit of positive action. Steady daily education of the will eradicates even the worst fears and opens the way to the larger powers of mind which they obstruct.

"In the second place, it is a wise rule to vary your routine occasionally, to shake your mind out of the paths which come to be habitual. The stimulus of variety is one of the keys which opens the locked and unused chambers of the mind.

"In the third place, the psychologist has a profound respect for the power of the emotions. In our modern world, most people pass through life without ever experiencing the tremendous energizing effect of perfect abandon. They feel affection, but they never know the transforming influence of a great love. They are irritable, but never really angry. To be short-tempered and petulant is merely to fritter away nervous energy; but I pity the man whose spirit has never been stirred by really righteous wrath. I remember one young woman who said she had never been angry until her senior year. In that year, however, the other girls in her dormitory began to impose upon her placid nature. They borrowed her books and neglected to return them. They borrowed her clothes without permission, and abused the privileges of her room. One night, after a long succession of these annoyances, the young woman was surprised to discover inside herself a new emotion. She flushed, breathing was more rapid, she felt new power in every muscle and nerve. In this exalted condition she made a circuit of the rooms of her tormentors and had it out with them once and for all. Whereupon, to quote her words, 'the peace of God settled upon her spirit.'

"Self-control is a noble achievement. But love and wrath can release tremendous powers within us. The Bible has much to tell us of the

righteous wrath of God. Don't carry your self-control to a point where you become colorless. There are times when you need to give your emotions full swing, if you are to achieve anything beyond the ordinary.

"In the fourth place, one must have a driving interest in life if he expects his life to carry very far. History is full of examples to prove that powers slumber in millions of men, awaiting an urgent call. Cromwell was merely an English country gentleman until, in middle life, a crisis came which stirred the depths of his nature and he blazed into leadership. Only a few months before the Civil War, Ulysses S. Grant was hauling wood in St. Louis, a middle-aged failure. But the war came; the training for which peace had afforded no outlet was urgently required; and the middle-aged failure became the General and the President.

"Every man has the right to a thrill of real achievement. Seek that thrill. For until you find it you will never put forth all of your powers. You may not need to leave your present position to find it. Possibly all you need is a new vision of your work in its relation to the great machinery of human service, and understanding of the supreme importance and dignity of every useful task which is well and fitly done.

"Finally every man must develop for himself some philosophy which will enable him to deal with the petty worries of everyday life and drive through to real results. One must work out for himself some creed, some faith, some conviction that the life which has been given him to lead is important. The Great Physician said, 'According to your faith be it unto you.' And every psychologist can testify to the fact that even very ordinary persons can be more and do more, if they begin by believing that they possess greater powers than they have ever yet called into action, and go forward with the determination to demand a little more of themselves with each succeeding day."

Romance of the Automobile Industry

Extracts from *The National Geographic Magazine* (Oct. '23)

William Joseph Showalter

IN the early days the material for the assembly of an automobile was simply dumped together in a space on the floor where the car was to be set up. Then the Ford Motor Company adopted the overhead trolley system and the division of labor used by the Chicago packers.

One man could assemble a flywheel magneto in 20 minutes. When the moving line was installed and divided into 29 operations, the time was reduced to 5 minutes. In 1913, 9 hours and 54 minutes were required to assemble a Ford motor. Six months later the time had been reduced to 5 hours and 56 minutes. With its 95 tubes, a radiator, even on a Ford, is a rather complex affair. Fitting and soldering these tubes by hand was a long operation, requiring many skilled men. Now a machine is in use which can make 1,200 radiator cores in 8 hours, the soldering being done by moving the radiator through a furnace on a metal conveyor, which entirely eliminates the tinsmith.

In a leading plant the chassis assembly line moves at six feet per minute and has 45 operations. The first man puts on the mudguard brackets, the motor arrives in the tenth stage, and so on. Some men do only one or two small operations. The man who places a part does not fasten it; the man who puts in a bolt does not put on the nut; the man who puts on the nut does not tighten it.

On operation No. 34 the motor gets its gas, having received the oil earlier. At station No. 44 the radiator is filled with water, and at No. 45 a button is pressed, a pair of rollers in the floor begins to revolve rapidly, the wheels spin, the engine turns over, and the car glides away under its own power with a driver at the wheel.

In one plant a Polish workman who could speak no English found that if the tool in his machine were set at a different angle it would wear longer. That discovery saved thousands of dollars in tool-grinding. Another man suggested a welded rod instead of a solid one in the chassis, and the resultant economy meant more than half a million dollars a year in one plant. In another plant, the sweepings alone represent a saving of more than a million dollars annually, and the elimination of a single style of bolt means another half million. The saving of a single cent on each car's production cost means nearly \$20,000 a year in the case of the Ford, and \$5,000 in the case of the Chevrolet.

Going through the major plants of the industry is an experience one can never forget. In the foundry one sees a giant triphammer capable of delivering a four-ton blow, and yet so skillfully operated that it can be made to tap a watch without breaking the crystal; or a tremendously powerful press that shapes a crankshaft with the seeming ease with which a child presses out a mud pie. Elsewhere we see a battery of pots, using, in heat-treating various parts, enough molten cyanide every day to kill all the people in the Western Hemisphere. In the machine shop one encounters a thousand mechanical marvels. There are immense multiple drill presses, capable of boring more than 50 holes simultaneously in four directions, each perfectly true in its direction, in an engine block; piston-grinding machines that automatically grind four pistons at a single operation, facing the top and outside at the same time; screw machines that automatically feed themselves long steel rods, four

or more at a time, and transform them into perfect screws—heads, threads, and slots. A whole battery of machines is busy milling crankshafts, each one doing what formerly required 12 different operations, on as many machines, each manned by an operator.

In the stamp-press shop are machines that cut blanks out of sheet steel as easily as the housewife cuts cookies out of dough, and much faster; others that transform steel disks into brake drums at one operation; still others that stamp fenders out of sheet steel with a single operation. Here are welders that baste the two parts of an axle housing together just as a seamstress bastes a sleeve before sewing it. The operator holds the two pieces of steel together, touches a switch, melts a spot on the two edges, and causes the steel to run together. This binds the two parts together for the man who is to finish the job.

One watches cylinder-grinding, where 1/10,000 of an inch is the limit of tolerance in departure from the exact size; or examines the machine that calculates the area of an irregular piece of leather a thousand times as fast as it could be determined by arithmetic!

If old-time hand methods were used, it is estimated that a single plant in the industry would require two million workmen where now less than 100,000 are employed, and even a "flivver" would cost almost as much as the most expensive car today.

In no other field does one find such close co-operation as in the motor-car industry. The manufacturers in the early days were forced to unite for the purpose of fighting hostile legislation and for making the American public motor-minded. They found that they could make a better market for their individual cars by teamwork with their competitors in selling the

car idea. Young men with imagination have made the policy of "co-operative competition" a tremendous success, so much so that they agreed to form a pool of ideas. In this pool there are about 500 patents, and every member of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which includes practically all the leading manufacturers, voluntarily agrees to let every other member use any or all of the features of construction and equipment owned by them individually without the payment of royalties or other compensation. They hold that the better service all cars render the greater will be the demand for their own.

One of the interesting organizations within the industry is the Society of Automotive Engineers. Its main purpose, when organized, was to promote standardization among manufacturers, but it has found its principal continuing mission to be that of a research body serving as a clearing house in automotive engineering. Standardization has been a big task. Sizes in wheels and cotterpins, threading of spark plugs, details of tire fastenings, angles of valve-seating, and scores of other items that could be made to fit all cars without detracting from engineering originality in car construction, have been standardized, and this standardization lies at the base of quantity production, which, in its turn, plays a fundamental part in American supremacy in the automobile field.

It was found that one company making lock washers for the automobile manufacturers was obliged to make 800 different kinds of washers for bolts. Likewise, 1,600 different sizes of steel tubing were used. Standardization has reduced the number of sizes of washers and tubing to a minimum, with saving in cost of manufacture, reduction of inventory, and convenience to the public.

International Thought

Condensed from *Woman's Home Companion* (Nov. '23)

John Galsworthy

SPORT, which still keeps a flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge for the first time from jungle.

Under a thin veneer—sometimes no veneer—of regard for civilization, we see each country, great and small, pursuing its own ends, struggling to rebuild its own house in the burnt village. What chance has a better spirit?

"The exchange of international thought is the only possible salvation of the world," says Thomas Hardy, and so true it is that it may be well to cast an eye over such mediums as we have for the exchange or international thought. "The Permanent Court"; "The League of Nations"; "The Pan-American Congress"; certain sectional associations of this nation with that, tarred somewhat with the brush of self-interest; sporadic international conferences concerned with sectional interests; and the recently founded P. E. N. Club, an international association of writers with friendly aims, but no political associations. These are about all, and they are taken none too seriously. The argument for neglect is that force has always ruled human life—and always will; the world has always gone on, and it will continue.

Yet without any doubt whatever, the powers of destruction are gaining fast on the powers of creation and construction. In old days a 30 years' war was needed to exhaust a

nation; it will soon be possible to exhaust a nation in a week by the destruction of its big cities from the air. The conquest of the air was the most sinister event that ever befell us simply because it came before we were fit for it—fit to act reasonably under the temptation of its fearful possibilities. Mankind has not yet apparently reached a pitch of decency sufficient to be trusted with such an inviting and terribly destructive weapon. Competition in armaments has already begun. We have made by our science a monster that will devour us yet, unless by exchanging international thought, we can create a general opinion against the new powers of destruction so strong and so unanimous that no nation will care to face the force which underlies it.

A well-known advocate of the League of Nations said the other day: "I do not believe it necessary that the League should have a definite force at its disposal. It could not maintain a force that would keep any first-rate power from breaking the peace. Its strength lies in the use of publicity; in its being able to voice universal disapproval with all the latent potentiality of universal action."

Certainly, the genuine publication of all military movements and developments throughout the world, the broadcasting of destructive inventions, would bring us nearer salvation than any covenant can do. If the world's chemists and the world's engineers would hold annual meetings in a friendly spirit for the salvation of mankind! If they could agree together that to exercise their ingenuity on the perfecting of destructive agents was a ghastly crime! After all—why not? Whether there is to be happiness or misery, growth or ruin for the human species, does not

now lie with Governments. Governments are competitive trustees for competitive sections of mankind. Put destruction in their hands and they will use it to further the interests of those for whom they are trustees; just as they will use and even inspire the spiritual poison gas of pressmen. The real key to the future is in the hands of those who provide the means of destruction. Are scientists to be more concerned with the interests of their own countries, or with the interests of the human species? The responsibility now rests on Science as never before; on Science and on—Finance. For there again the exchange the international thought has become terrifically important. The financiers of the world, in the light of their knowledge, out of the motive of mutual aid, could certainly devise some real and lasting economic betterment of the present ruination, if only they would set to work steadily, not spasmodically, to exchange international thought.

If neither Science nor Finance will agree to think internationally, there is probably nothing for it but to wait for an end which can't be very long in coming; not a complete end, of course, say—a general condition of affairs similar to that in the famine provinces of Russia.

The exchange of international thought which alone can save us, is the exchange of thought between craftsmen—between the statesmen of the different countries, the lawyers, the scientists, the financiers, the writers.

In my own craft, there seem three ways in which writers can help ease the future of the world. They can be friendly and hospitable to the writers of other countries—and for this purpose exists the international P. E. N. Club, with its many and increasing branches. They can recognize and maintain the principle that all works of art are the property of mankind at large; that to discontinue (for example) during a war with Germany

the reading of German poetry, the listening to German music, the looking at German pictures, was a harmful absurdity which should never be repeated. The third and greatest way in which the writer can help is: Fair Play. The power of the Press is a good third to the powers of Science and Finance. If the Press, as a whole, never diverged from fair report; if it refused to give unmeasured service to party or patriotic passion; if it played the game as Sport plays it—what a clearance of the air! At present, with, of course, many exceptions, the Press in every country plays the game according to rules of its own which have too little acquaintance with those of sport.

The Press is manned by a great crew of writers, the vast majority of whom have in private life a higher standard of fair play than followed by the Press ship they man. Improvement in Press standards will not come until editors and journalists acquire the habit of exchanging thought internationally, of broadening their minds and hearts with other points of view, of recognizing that they must treat as they would themselves be treated. Only then will a sort of word-miasma cease to breed international agues and fever. The Press does great service; but it does greater harm when, for whatever reason, it diverges from truth, or from the principles of fair play. Fight—yes; but like sportsmen:

Nations, in block, will never join hands. The outstanding craftsmen of the nations have a far better chance of seeing eye to eye. Three great Powers—Science, Finance and the Press—are secretly determining the march of nations; and there is little hope for the future unless they can mellow and develop on international lines. The world's hope lies in the possibility of their being able to institute a sort of craftsman's trusteeship for mankind—a new alliance in service to a new idealism.

The Great Game of Politics—I.

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Nov. '23)

Frank R. Kent

TO understand Presidential politics without knowing precinct politics is impossible. The election precinct is the smallest political division. It contains an average of 600 voters. In each precinct the party organization has a precinct executive. Although the smallest unit in the party machine, he is, by long odds, the most vital. He is the foundation and real source of the machine's strength. Without him there is no machine.

You may have lived in your precinct for 20 years without knowing your precinct executive. But—this is the important fact—he knows you. He knows how old you are, what your job is, what clubs you belong to, who are your friends, how you are registered, how you generally vote, and, particularly, whether you vote in the primaries or only in the general election. And he is pretty apt to know a whole lot more about you.

It is his business to have this information. His standing in politics, his place in the organization, and, in most cases, his job at the City Hall or Courthouse, depend upon his ability to carry this precinct in the primaries for the machine candidates. He keeps in his home a revised list of voters in his precinct. If he is a Democrat, and if his is an average precinct fairly evenly divided, there will be about 250 Democrats, to which list he devotes his chief time. Experience has taught him that even in a hot contest, less than half of the registered voters will vote in the primaries. This simplifies the precinct executive's job very much, as it reduces the number of voters with whom he must reckon in the primaries to, say, 125.

That figure is in reality high. The fact is that even in primary con-

tests in which the public interest is presumably aroused, the number of qualified voters who take part is rarely over a third. This is what makes it possible for the machine to limit our choice in the general election to its choice in the primaries. This is the reason machines are powerful and a sufficient explanation of why so many unfit men are in public office.

When the precinct executive has narrowed his list down to those who actually vote in his party primaries, his task is a simple one. What he has to do then is to manage one way or another to swing, in a primary fight, a majority of these. Sixty-five votes will do it safely, and it is a pretty poor executive in any city who is not worth that many.

In the first place, he himself is worth at least five votes. There is his own vote. The other four come from his family; his wife, brothers, sisters, father, mother, son or daughter. There are precinct executives who can swing a purely family vote of 50. Then he is careful to pick for the two judges and clerk of election not only men who are his political friends and will vote with him but men who can control a family vote of at least five. In this connection it should be explained that there is a curious partnership between the State and the party machine as represented by the precinct executive. In every city and in every county there is a board of election supervisors. They are, in most cases, appointed by the Governor and are composed of two Democrats and one Republican if the Democrats are in power or two Republicans and one Democrat if the Republicans are in power. It is an almost unvarying custom for the Governor to select

names acceptable to, or furnished by, the State Democratic and Republican Central Committees.

These boards appoint the judges and clerks who serve in each precinct for election, but actually they simply ratify the recommendations of the ward executives. And the ward executives get the names from the precinct executives. In other words, the judges and clerks of election in every precinct are really selected by the precinct executive. There is scarcely a state where these customs are not recognized and accepted without comment.

Then the location of the polling place is worth on an average \$100 a year to the person from whom the Election Board rent. The precinct executive picks the place. Again, he is careful to rent only from an appreciative person who can be relied upon to reciprocate with at least five sure votes. Here, then, is a nucleus of 25 votes upon which he can absolutely count.

In every primary contest and every election a certain amount of money is provided the precinct executive for expenses. This money comes to him from the ward executive who gets it from his boss. This money is supposed to be used for the employment of messengers, who receive, on an average \$5 a day. Two of these, worth five family votes each, added to the 25 already counted, brings the total to 35.

Then in every precinct there are some office holders, and they mostly hold their jobs because of the recommendation of the precinct executive. They are street cleaners or lamp lighters, policemen, firemen, clerks at the Courthouse, or they may be aspirants for jobs of one sort or another who cannot get them without the precinct executive's backing. There are very few precincts anywhere where there are not ten persons living who

are under party organization obligations of one sort or another. But take seven as an average, and if each one of the seven is worth his five family votes—and it is extremely rare that he is not—then the precinct executive has got a total of 65 votes and a little more.

It is not far wrong to credit the precinct executive in any great city with 65 deliverable votes. Some of them have a good many less, some of them a good many more; but that is a fair average. Multiply that by the number of precincts in the city and it is a pretty accurate estimate of the machine strength. For example, in New York that means a total Tammany strength of 350,000.

What sort of a person is the precinct executive? Usually he holds a small political job. Sometimes he is a struggling young lawyer anxious to get into politics, and sometimes he runs a small store or has a little job in one of the local public utilities companies. Whatever he is, he believes that politics is going to help him. Very often the thing that gets him into the game is an instinctive love of politics. It is, after all, the great American game, and more people are actively interested in it than in baseball. The precinct executive likes the game. As to how he plays it, he chiefly devotes himself to doing small favors for many people. If a boy gets in trouble with the pounce, the executive goes to the front for him. If his father has a mixup about his water bill, the precinct executive helps him straighten it out at the City Hall. Co-operating with the ward executive, he softens the hand of the law when it clutches his precinct people; he unravels municipal red tape when they get tangled in it; he helps them out of trouble when he can. He makes friends, and the more friends he makes the surer his foothold in politics.

I am thinking of suing you for damages for not informing me sooner of the Digest Service. It is *The Magazine Indispensable*.—A. P. Dickson, Franklin, W. Va.

Roosevelt--Father of Our Modern Navy

Condensed from *The Scientific American* (Nov. '23)

Rear-Admiral Wm. S. Sims, U. S. Navy

FEW people realize the debt we owe Theodore Roosevelt for the development of our national defenses, especially our first line of defense, the Navy. Few realize the technical and historical knowledge he brought to bear upon this subject. The average man on the street does not know that during his young manhood, at the age of 24, he published one of the most remarkable historical narratives ever written by an American, "The Naval War of 1812." It shows an understanding of the fundamental requirements of naval efficiency that few officers of his time had achieved.

The studies required to produce this book enabled him at once to understand the measures necessary to bring the Navy up to a state of efficiency from the deplorable condition into which it had fallen by the time he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. When criticisms in respect to materials and training were presented for his consideration, he accepted the criticisms in the spirit in which criticisms should always be accepted, and in which they are so seldom accepted by responsible authorities. He insisted upon a thorough investigation of the actual facts, the fixing of responsibility, and the immediate initiation of the necessary measures to correct our mistakes.

Before his efforts were interrupted by the Spanish War, he had appointed a board of officers to inquire into the causes of our inefficiency in marksmanship, and to recommend methods of training to remedy this. After the war he found himself opposed by officers who pointed to our successes at Manila and Santiago, and who strenuously objected to any public criticism of what they declared

was a Navy that left nothing to be desired in the way of material or personnel. But he insisted upon an impartial presentation of the actual facts, and a comparison of these with the target practice records known to have been made in foreign navies. Needless to say, the record of about one hit in 50 shots at the battle of Manila showed him the seriousness of the situation; and these records contrasted with the astonishing results of the new methods of training in the British Navy convinced him of the necessity of taking the matter in hand himself.

This he did by ordering the new British training methods put into operation, and ordering all gun gear and gun sights changed to make these methods possible with our guns. Within a short time the improvement was so astonishing as to be difficult of belief. The rapidity and accuracy of fire were increased to such an extent as to indicate that in battle we should be able in one minute to land two tons of projectiles against an enemy's hull at a distance of three miles, whereas, formerly we would not have been able to hit an enemy more than twice in an hour's fighting. It was an increase of efficiency of over 3,000 per cent.

At the same time he gave his personal attention to the question of ship design. He grasped at once the fundamental fact that the big turret guns could make a high per cent of hits at a range at which the few hits that small guns could make would do little damage. He at once advocated the All-Big-Gun ship, the modern dreadnought, but he found, as usual, that the new type was opposed by the Navy Department. Nothing deterred,

he insisted upon an analysis of the subject, and these conclusions he gave to the press, thus bringing about the surrender of his opponents.

Unfortunately, the first of these ships was badly designed, and at once criticized by Commander Keys. Roosevelt, as usual, insisted upon a showdown of all the facts. He caused the whole matter to be discussed by a body of about 50 officers in a conference which he opened in person. The result was that the defects criticized were corrected; and since that time the design of our battleships has been second to none in the world.

In addition to correcting such vitally important defects as those above indicated, both in design and in methods of training, he gave his attention to many of the major details upon which efficiency depended. To cite but a single example, he used his powerful influence to overcome the opposition to correcting the incomprehensible defect of open turrets—wide open at that time from the gun platforms down to the magazines directly below. This defect caused the terrible turret accidents that resulted in the death of many of our officers and men.

The consternation caused by these horrors was such that the Department actually advocated the abandonment of all efforts to increase the rapidity of fire in our heavy guns. In this crisis Roosevelt showed a comprehension of the wholly essential element of battle efficiency indicated by the phrase "hits per gun per minute." In a stinging letter he gave orders that we should continue to make every effort to increase the rate of hitting—to put more hits into an enemy's hull than he could put into ours in a given time; and he made it clear that it was up to the Navy to risk any dangers that such training might involve.

But most important of all was the change wrought by Roosevelt's great spirit behind it all. In no line of his multitudinous activities did his

penetrating mind and forceful personality work with quicker or more lasting effect. He was the despair of the reactionaries and the joy of the younger and forward-looking officers of the Navy. Every man on every ship, from the captain down, soon realized that there was a master mind insisting that nothing but results should count. Since then we have had a new Navy—a Navy whose officers insisted upon efficiency, and therefore temperance, long before it was generally realized that the maximum mental alertness and manual dexterity necessary to efficiency in dangerous occupations cannot be achieved by men addicted to the cocktail habit.

This great man understood, and tried to make the Navy realize, that the greatest danger in a military organization is dry rot, resistance to progress, and the substitution of a comfortable administrative routine for preparation for war. He was never tired of quoting the remark of a disgusted bureau chief who complained that "my department was running smoothly until this damned Spanish War came along and upset everything."

Roosevelt was the father of our modern Navy. He instilled into it a spirit that brought into play the dormant, sterling qualities of the personnel. He gave the word efficiency a new meaning. He cared nothing for show; he was not impressed by spotless decks and polished gear of guns that could not shoot fast and straight. He was impatient of ceremony. He stuffed cotton in his ears, went into the fighting tops of battleships and had his hat blown off by the blast of heavy guns. He went down in submarines. He thus made his interest as real to the youngest gob as to the senior admiral. He gave the Navy the fighting edge. Though he is dead, this remains; for his spirit still lives and will always be a cherished tradition.

"Guests" of Chinese Bandits

Condensed from Asia (Nov. '23)

J. B. Powell

OUR train stopped with a jar, at three in the morning. The whole countryside seemed to be swarming with men carrying rifles, firing indiscriminately. There was a sound of breaking glass on all sides, and our car was instantly filled with bandits. The first bandit seized a ring from my finger. The gang then searched our compartment and took everything except the clothing of myself and Berube, my traveling companion. We just had time to put on our clothes before four bandits dragged us from the car.

At daybreak we counted at least a thousand bandits scattered over the countryside. Many were lugging loot they had stolen from the train. Berube and I were the only captives who had clothes. Everybody else was dressed only in pajamas and nightgowns, including many women. At eight o'clock, as we climbed the steep pathway up the mountainside, there was firing in our rear. Bullets whistled over our heads. For another hour, regardless of the heat, we were rushed at double-quick over the rough stones to a crude fortification on top of the mountain. The firing in our rear constantly became more intense, but most of us were too exhausted to pay much attention to it.

There were about 25 foreigners and as many Chinese captives in our party. We had a personal guard of about 300 bandits. We saw another group of foreigners and their bandit guards on a mountain about five miles away. We spent the entire day here, constantly under fire. We were famished for food and water. About five o'clock the bandit chief gave each of us one egg, which we devoured raw and were glad to get.

I was picked to act as involuntary press-agent for the bandits, from that

day, May 6, until the finish of the affair, 38 days later. The chief flourished a revolver as he told what he wanted written in his first letter:

General Ho, Chinese Govt. Troops:

The chief of "The People's Self-deliverance Army" instructs us to write you this letter, demanding that you order your troops to cease firing at once. Otherwise the bandits will kill all the captives. (Signed) J. P. Powell, on behalf of the captives.

The firing ceased about six o'clock on the evening of our first day in captivity. About seven the bandits directed us to proceed down the other side of the mountain on the run. We climbed down as best we could with our bruised, and in many cases bleeding feet over the sharp stones. A rain- and hail-storm, which drenched us to the skin, enabled the bandits in the darkness to slip past the government troops. About eleven we were marched into a small deserted village. The Chinese hut into which we were put had previously been used as a pig-pen, but we were too much exhausted to do anything but drop on the floor and go to sleep. About midnight our guards routed us out again. We marched until five, when we were herded into a farmyard. The march that began again at two was the most trying; for we were completely exhausted from lack of food. We were driven at the points of rifles right up the side of another mountain, possibly 3,000 feet high, with only one stop for a drink at a spring. Late that afternoon of our second day, when most of us were ready to collapse, we were started on another march. I decided to go on strike. One of the bandits pointed his revolver at my breast and motioned for me to walk. I had reached a point where it did not make any difference what happened; so I pulled my coat open and beckoned him to

go ahead and shoot. The bandit went away and brought back six others. I was then treated to a good beating with clubs, and I carried the marks of it for several weeks. But the strike had the desired effect; for the bandits now produced donkeys for our party. On our journeys during the first week the bandits frequently gave us thin cakes, and sandwiches. But one day we discovered that the meat consisted of chopped-up poisonous scorpions, so we gave up the sandwiches. Lack of food produced a seriously weakened condition among us. Imagine our excitement, then, at receiving part of a quantity of food sent to us by American Presbyterian missionaries at Yih sien.

Our bandit gang was now composed of about 1500 men armed with rifles, and possibly 300 hangers-on. We spent almost the entire first week on marches through the mountains. On May 12 we were quartered in the "Dragon Door Temple," which the bandits seemed to own. We were told that we were the first foreigners the natives had ever seen. We were started at four in the morning on the last leg of our journey to our now-famous prison, "Temple among the Clouds."

Finally, up a steep, ruined stairway of rough granite we climbed to a rambling, deserted stone temple. It consisted of six or eight rooms. The "Temple of the Clouds" was well located for defense, as it could be reached only by the stairway up which we came, so precipitous was the mountain. Back of the temple were a number of caves, used as storage-places for food and ammunition. One, the bandits claimed, could shelter 3000 men. One tablet on the temple, which a Chinese student translated, gave a history of the place for 300 years, a history of captures by bandits and deliverance by government troops, back and forth for the whole period.

We spent exactly four weeks in this temple. Mr. Crow of the American

Chamber of Commerce, collected a group of Chinese farmers who agreed to carry food through the bandit lines to us, 20 miles distant. Later an American relief-camp sent us camp-cots, bedding and army-tents. Our worst difficulty was with all known species of "cooties" and fleas. Imagine our joy at the arrival of a foreign physician, who brought a supply of medicine; so within a few days we were all patched up.

The bandits always threatened that, unless the Chinese government troops were withdrawn, we should all be placed on top of the mountain, some 3500 feet almost straight up from our temple. The bandits considered it impregnable. One day two of us slipped the guards and climbed to the top to investigate. A good deal of the way resembled the wall of an office-building, and the ascent was made by means of rough hand-holes chiseled in the side of the granite or by means of wooden pegs. At the top was an area of two acres, almost level. I came upon a bandit guard, who was tremendously surprised to see me. But he became friendly when I presented him with cigarettes and brandy. Around the edge was a breastwork, which dropped for 400 feet practically straight down on every side.

My guard then took me into one of the dugouts, where I saw something I shall never forget. The building was filled to suffocation with Chinese children, who had been kidnapped and held for periods of one to three years for ransoms ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Their condition was pitiable, only shreds of silk and satin still clinging to their bodies, mute testimonial to the standing of their families.

Through our student interpreter we found that several hundred children were being held captive and that the kidnaping of children had been a chief enterprise of this gang for several years. . . . Our four weeks in "Cloud-nest Temple" were without question, the longest of our lives.

Thanksgiving and Our Heritage

Condensed from *The Ladies' Home Journal* (Nov. '23)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

THANKSGIVING DAY, recalling to mind our historic background, reminds us that a serious test of character is involved in any man's attitude toward his heritage. We can be grateful for it, rejoice in it and be worthy of it, or we can forget it, be irreverent concerning it and unappreciative of it.

Fullness of life is in part a matter of the number of tenses which a man possesses. We begin in infancy with the present tense alone—the needs, hurts or pleasures of the moment. As youth comes on we acquire a future tense. Then, as man grows older, if he has lived worthily, he acquires a past tense also. Memory becomes a shrine of sacred treasures, and far beyond his individual recollection he values the history of his race and the sacrifices which have purchased his liberties. A man's spiritual quality in part is tested by this possession of a past tense.

To be sure, we need to guard ourselves against a false glorification of the past. There is much nonsense about the "good old times." It is said that one of the oldest documents from the ruins of Babylon begins: "Alas! Alas! Times are not what they were!" The fact is there never have been any "good old times." Would folk who bemoan the degeneracy of the present, for example, wish to have back again the times when Luther said: "The age is Satan's own. . . . Implacable hatred and strife. . . . no hopes of any improvement; gladly would I see myself and all my people quickly snatched from it"? Times when John Calvin said: "The future appals me. Unless the Lord descends from heaven, barbarism will engulf us"? Times when Henry VIII's secretary wrote

in grim jest that the scarcity of wood in England was due to the quantities wasted in burning heretics? Times when Governor Berkeley of Virginia in 1670 said:

"I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them for these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

Controversy is bad enough between modern churchmen, but a century and a half ago a pamphlet appeared: "An Old Fox Tarred and Feathered." The "Old Fox" was John Wesley, who probably did more work, preached more sermons, won more converts, and was responsible for more practical philanthropy than any other man since Paul—he it was who was to be tarred and feathered. And the author who so bitterly wanted to tar and feather him was none other than Toplady, who wrote,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

One need not deny the fact of progress or of the miseries and sins of our fathers. But, for all that, Thanksgiving Day does represent an essential element in a good man's life. The plain fact is that the biggest part of our lives is our heritage. One must differentiate here between blood heredity and social inheritance. The first we carry over biologically from our forebears; the second is a matter of literary, artistic, religious traditions, the racial and national culture. If we had been born of the most select blood imaginable and had been dropped as infants into an African jungle tribe, we should have grown up molded by that tribe's traditions—believing its witchcraft, fearing its devils. So strong is the social heritage that it can transform

nations. Japan today is being made over with amazing rapidity, not by any change in biological heredity but by the acceptance of many influential elements in the social heritage of the West.

Many modern folk have a quite unjustified sense of intellectual superiority over their ancestors, because so many evils which they took for granted we would not endure. But the difference between us and our ancestors does not lie primarily in individual increase of mental power on our part. There is no evidence that any man's intellect today is equal to Aristotle's, nor do we know with any surety that the brain capacity of mankind as a whole is greater now than it was in the Ice Age. What has happened is mainly the slow accumulation of a cultural inheritance, acquired by long and patient processes of aspiring, thinking, trying, daring and sacrificing. That democracy can be made to work, that by the scientific method we can gain mastery over latent resources, that trial by jury is practicable, that chattel slavery is a failure—such things we take for granted, not because we individually are wiser than our forbears, but because we share in a social tradition which we did not even help to create, but which has shaped and conformed our thinking with irresistible power.

As one ponders this overwhelming influence of our social heritage Thanksgiving Day gathers fresh significance. The response of a man-natured man is gratitude. That, in itself, is an ennobling sentiment and in personal relationships is indispensable. No ingrate is fit to live. . . . Our two kinds of possessions—the things we achieve and the things we inherit—demand of us two different attitudes. We Americans have notoriously thought chiefly of things to be achieved. In consequence we are very energetic, ambitious. But we are not inwardly rich. Strenuously absorbed in things to be done by us, we too often forget to appreciate some glorious things that already have been done for us. If someone

says that strenuousness is hard and appreciation easy, he displays his ignorance. A deep and reverent understanding of and gratitude for the best heritage of the race are of the fairest and rarest fruits of a mature soul.

The principles of Jesus, the power of applied science, the idea of democracy—from these three things the most hopeful elements of our civilization flow. These things are the heart of the heritage which we hold in trust from our fathers before us for our children after us. God pity the man who ever grows so sophisticated that the thrill drops out from any one of them!

We must have men and women who understand the priceless values handed down to us. A little more careless, thankless prodigality like that of the years 1914-1918, and our patrimony will be finished. We take it for granted that since the world is progressing we, of course, are better than our sires. We should not be too sure of that. Man's life and progress do not consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses. Is the spirit of our home life in America better than our fathers? One doubts the frequent picture of the old New England family when he runs upon a letter like this, written by John Winthrop to his wife in 1637, after they had been married 20 years:

"Sweetheart — I was unwillingly hindered from coming to thee, nor am I like to see thee before the last day of this week; therefore I shall want a band or two; and cuffs. Have care of thyself this cold weather. If any letters be come for me, send them by this bearer. I will trouble thee no further. The Lord bless and keep thee, my sweet wife, and all our family; and send us a comfortable meeting. So I kiss thee and love thee ever and rest,

"Thy faithful husband,
"John Winthrop."

If this is being a somber Puritan, I wish that we had more homes in America similarly Puritanical after 20 years. Is our inward spiritual life better than our fathers? They were God-fearing men in this deep sense: They feared God so much that they did not fear anybody else at all.

There is patriotism which is narrow, sectarian, provincial. But to be devoted to the best spiritual traditions of your land, to want to live up to them and be worthy of them, and because of them to hope and work that the Republic may play an honorable part in the world's life—that is great patriotism. May it never end!

A Municipal Savings Account!!

Condensed from The Dearborn Independent (Oct. 6, '23)

William H. Wendt

IN 1963—49 years hence—Milwaukee will be debt-free and its permanent public improvements financed on a cash basis without the 50 per cent overhead burden resulting from the issuance of bonds for such purposes. It will all come about because of the Milwaukee Public Debt Amortization Act passed by the Wisconsin legislature. The act, its sponsors claim, will not only relieve Milwaukee from all debt but may eventually relieve it from all forms of municipal taxation.

Milwaukee has obtained permission from the legislature to open a savings account. That is the substance of the act. If you do that as a private citizen, you are a savings depositor—as a city, you are creating a Public Debt Amortization Fund. It is all based on the principle that compound interest piles up rapidly and the belief that a city should have as much pride in its financial stability as has each citizen.

The Milwaukee plan, as it is called, is attracting much attention, because it marks the beginning of an entirely new fiscal policy for municipalities. If great funds can be set aside to multiply themselves, the imagination readily pictures debt-free cities, colleges, states, ultimately the nation. All of which should elicit a few rousing cheers from the overburdened taxpayers of the great American cities.

This is not a socialistic or radical scheme. The idea was conceived and carried out by city officials without regard to politics, and with the full support of bankers and financiers of national reputation.

The fund was actually started in June with \$400,000, which was invested in United States Treasury notes bearing four and three-quarters per cent interest. This sum repre-

sents interest earned on street improvements which the city is financing as a part of its previously organized cash basis plan. To this will be added all future interest from the same source, approximately \$100,000 each year, without further action on the part of the common council. In addition, one-third of all other interest earned on city funds will automatically be turned over to the fund by mandate of law. The total available each year will not be less than \$250,000.

Here is the way—assuming that the very lowest sums required by law are saved and the interest rate is four and one-half per cent—that the fund will grow:

In 10 years it will be \$3,437,950

In 20 years, \$8,549,136

In 30 years, \$16,486,808

In 40 years, \$28,794,013, approximately the size of the present bonded debt of Milwaukee.

In 50 years it will be \$47,927,102

On a total principal of \$12,650,000 appropriated by the city for 50 years, the fund will have earned or increased through the accrual of interest the sum of \$35,277,102, the interest earned being almost three times the principal involved.

Assuming that the city will cease adding the \$250,000 to the original \$400,000 each year when the 50 years are up and simply invest that \$47,927,102 at four and one-half per cent interest for another 50 years, at the end of that time the amount of the fund will be \$432,142,678. The annual interest on this amount would pay all the taxes assessed at present in Milwaukee.

However, the law provides that when the fund reaches an amount equal to three-fourths of the total bonded debt of the city then three-

fourths of the interest on the fund may be diverted to the purpose of paying interest and principal on bonds or for financing public improvements.

There are several considerations which will counteract this and increase the size of the fund. The common council may turn over to the Public Debt Commission all interest earned on city funds, in which event the present estimates will be more than doubled. The council may appropriate any additional amount it sees fit and thereby hasten the time when the city may become debt and tax free. Every \$100,000 annually added to the minimum amount will increase the fund by \$18,683.100 at the end of 50 years.

Milwaukee is gradually putting all city departments on a cash basis, and within another 10 years all taxes will be provided in advance. This means that city deposits will be larger, and the interest earned on daily balances in the banks will be increased. It will in turn result in an increased amount turned over to the amortization fund under the mandatory provisions of the law.

In addition, the Public Debt Amortization makes provision for establishment of a civic foundation to which public-spirited citizens may donate money, either by will or during their lifetime. Sums so received shall be held in trust forever and invested under strict provisions; part of the interest may be used to pay off debts of the city or to finance permanent public improvements.

Under the terms of this section of the act, the County and City Public Service Employees Union has donated

\$100, which is perpetuated by the Public Debt Commission. Words cannot picture the ultimate growth of this hundred dollars; figures will stagger the imagination. At 300 years it will approximate fifty millions of dollars.

The principal objection to the amortization plan was that, after all, the taxpayer is footing the bill in establishing the fund for the benefit of future generations. But the difference in the tax rate, were the fund not in existence, is surprising. It is only 55 cents for each \$1,000 of the assessed valuation.

The Amortization Act provides that the fund shall not be used as an offset to the constitutional debt limit. The city has practically reached the point where it can annually issue an amount of new bonds only equal to the bonds paid. It is not anticipated that there will be any great increase in the city's bonded debt in the years to come, especially since Milwaukee has long since seen the error of bond issues and financed many improvements of recent years by direct taxation. Since its issues are limited while the interest thereon accrues without compounding, it will readily be seen that the amortization fund with its feature of compound interest and its flying start will rapidly overtake the bonded debt.

Nothing, statisticians assure us, is impossible when it comes to compound interest. The sum of one dollar, bearing interest for a sufficient length of time, will pay almost any city's debt. . . . If the plan proves to be all that is claimed, posterity will have much for which to thank Milwaukee.

I know of not one good reason for not being generously enthusiastic in recommending the Digest for it gives the reader the strained cream of the very best in all the over-many-to-read magazines. Truly it is getting the best of them all in one.—Dr. C. Littell LeDuc, 2217 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.

How Russia Looked to Me

Condensed from *Our World* (Nov. '23)

Charles R. Crane

I SAW the results of the Bolshevik government on the Russian people. It is the most brutal government that ever existed in the world; it is the most insane government that ever existed; it is the most incompetent government that ever existed in the world. Its ruin of the country has been visited on all aspects of the life of the people—economic, social, religious, intellectual and artistic.

Everywhere there was fear and disintegration. In Petrograd, as well as in other cities, nothing was running; nothing was clean; nothing was repaired. There was no water service, and virtually no electric light service. A large part of the population had drifted back to the country. Names were taken from the doors in fear of the Terrorist Committee. People did not want to be found; they just wanted to be left alone. You staggered up a back entrance looking for a friend who used to live here. They heard a knock and would not answer. They did not have anything to do with strangers.

There was no social life any more—no sitting around the samovar. People did not even see members of their families who were only a few blocks away. Every morning everyone got out of his little hole where he had been sleeping for the night and just crawled out to his Soviet job which he had to hold to get bread, and went through the motions of working there till four o'clock in the afternoon; then he crawled back again.

There was terror every minute. Search went on all the time, and search meant robbery. But in Russia this was termed nationalization of property. When I found my friends they looked at me as they would at a ghost, and said: "Where in the

world did you come from?" and then anxiously: "How in the world will you get out?" That was everyone's problem—how to get out—that and how to get through the next 24 hours. People were half-starved.

I visited the hospitals wherever I went. They were simply four walls marked "Hospital." A soldiers' hospital at Irkutsk had no sheets, no soap, no medicines except a few miserable fragments, no beds but merely blankets on boards. The foremost physician in Moscow told me that he had abandoned the formality of writing prescriptions, and he did not know when he would be able to write another again.

Among my old friends I found a music composer. That evening was the only social time I had in Russia. He had composed a new church liturgy, and invited in a man and woman to sing the parts. That one touch of old Russia delighted me. . . . The man who sang the liturgy was taken out early next morning by the Extraordinary Commission and was never seen again, so far as we know.

When I started into Russia, a prominent Russian woman asked me to go to see her father, one of the best known Russian painters, from whom she had not heard in four years. I found him and his brothers. He said: "Tell my daughter we are getting along very well. We artists are permitted to work at our art undisturbed (and unpaid). We are given the maximum amount of rations, and once in a while do a painting for a member of the new bourgeoisie. We are all right."

But the next day when I went around that way, I stopped to have one more chat with them. One of the brothers had been taken out the

night before by the Cheka. They had felt secure for years.

There was practically no intellectual life inside of Russia. At one university which I visited, a few old professors were going through the motions of running a university. There was no renewal of equipment; there were no provisions in food and fuel and clothing for the winter in a land where the thermometer goes down to 50 degrees below zero. The old professors were broken in spirit by the terror, the lack of physical comfort, and the intellectual starvation.

The only newspapers and periodicals available in Russia were published by the government solely for propaganda purposes. All of the news in Soviet Russia has been in the hands of about 200 men.

One of the professors said to me, "We are all half-starved, and our clothes are going to pieces. The world knows this but it probably does not realize the intellectual starvation of our country. Russia has been sealed intellectually like a Russian house in the middle of winter. We know very little of what has occurred in Russia, but we have not the slightest idea of what has happened in the outside world. We have been intellectually starved to death."

Not only have the artists and intellectuals suffered, but the workingmen, for and by whom the government was supposed to be run, were hopelessly disillusioned. One of the favorite illusions was that the large estates had been split up and given to the peasants. But probably no peasant was farming more land than he had five years before. The billions of gold rubles deposited in the People's Bank by the peasants before the Revolution, with which they could have bought the land, were all confiscated through nationalization. Furthermore, the peasants lost their markets. When the city markets were discontinued, the peasant lost the means of selling his produce.

Public markets had been reopened, but they presented a sad spectacle. Everyone was selling off old odds and ends—the last scraps of civilization. One might see for sale a bed or a table or a chair or a comb or a toothbrush or a curry comb. One girl kept wandering around in the markets with a basket full of second-hand Victor needles trying to trade them.

Usually the farmer had been squeezed down by the government to just the needs of his family and his farm. Once in a while he had a little surplus which he brought into the market place.

The refusal of the peasant traders to take rubles home with them on account of their swift decline in value recalls a strike that occurred in the government printing presses. The men at the presses had to work harder than anyone else in Russia turning out Bolshevik money. It was a hard job to keep them at work. Finally the situation became more difficult, and to avert a strike Lenin said: "Now you go ahead and work for us till four o'clock in the afternoon, and then from four o'clock on you can have the machinery and the equipment to turn out as much money as you want on your own account." Certainly an original method of settling a strike!

The old Russia has passed away forever. What the new Russia will be, it is hard to imagine, but the Russians are a people of wonderful capacity, great genius, and rare qualities. I myself am a great believer in the new Russia, in the coming Russia. Russia shows the danger of moving too swiftly in radical experiments. The way we move in America is by testing each process as we go. The vivisection of the Russian Bear is still going on, by amateurs with no scientific training or clinical experience. It is sad that their experiment was not performed instead on a mouse.

(Continued from page 522)

American—the American who controlled the destinies of the country then and who has controlled them ever since. All these peoples—English, Scotch, Dutch, German, French—belonged to a single ethnological stock, the Northwestern European, or the much ridiculed "Nordic," and therefore had little difficulty in coalescing into a single type. Overwhelmingly the largest element was English, and English of a peculiarly English kind; very few Norman names appear in the 1790 census, showing that the mass of the American people were of pure Anglo-Saxon breed. This report shows that these white Americans of 1790 and 1800 now have about 35,500,000 descendants in this country. If to this aggregate is added the descendants of immigrants who have come since 1790, it will be found that there are about 55,000,000 men, women, and children at present in the United States who trace their origin to the British Isles, mainly to England, Scotland, and Wales. Numerically, as well as historically, these persons are the American race. All other peoples are vastly in the minority.

This fact should form the basis of our immigration policy. The peoples that made up the original American population all came from Northwestern Europe—Great Britain, Holland and Germany and France; differing as they may in language and manners they formed a homogeneous racial stock. It is the teaching of biology that the germ plasm does not change; a southern Italian, a Greek, a Slav, an Eastern Jew cannot be transformed into an American by the simple process of submitting him to an American environment. Mr. Speranza will make this point

(Continued 2d column, page 552)

Reader's Digest Service

(Continued from page 524)

look, for orders, to a foreign headquarters. But it is clear that no program of organized hate, launched against it, will solve whatever problems exist in connection with that church.

The klan is opposed to the Jew. This is no new experience for the Jew. He has been the favorite target for the hate of every nation on earth. There are Jews and jews. Many of the latter, noisy, boastful, greedy, and coarse, have made a nuisance of themselves. As a general class, the rank and file of Jews are good citizens—at least when viewed by economic tests. They manage to keep out of jail. The number of them in asylums is surprisingly small. The klan can oppose the Jews to the limit of its venom; he will not retaliate. It will simply set him to wondering what good Christianity is, if this is where it all brings up. Whatever he may have thought of Christ, before, he may now doubt whether there is much salvation to be had, for anybody, in a cross that burns with the flames of hate!

The klan is against the foreigner in our midst. Of course, the foreigner is likely to be a problem. He brings along enough of the old civilization to set him apart from the people of his adopted country. In recent years, we have been made the dumping ground for all manner of morons and criminal riff-raff from southeastern Europe. But if the klansman thinks he can teach the foreigner a larger respect for our American institutions by pulling a pillow-case over his head, and assembling by night with others of his sort, to lay plans for the extra-legal pursuit of the foreigner's goat, it seems clear that the process provides its own defeat. If we are to teach the foreigner to respect our laws, we must do it some other way than by breaking them ourselves.

Could there be a more serious problem than the predicament into which
(Continued 1st column, page 552)

(Continued from 2d col., page 551)
the klan has plunged us? It matters little whether the Catholic has any ground for his bigotry, the Jew for his greed, the dago for his dirty appearance: the whole problem resides in the everlasting fact that no ills are cured by hate! This is good gospel. This is the message of the cross. And when a lot of people—regardless of intent—collect around a wooden cross to stampede one another into bitterness against persons who happened to be born of another race or in another country, it is the very last word in sacrilege.

The fact must be borne in mind that our lives, in America, have become so firmly intermeshed, that a real, permanent hate on the part of one group toward another would be very difficult to sustain. We all live by faith in one another, here. A man takes out life insurance with a concern in which he does not know a single executive. This institution has promised to pay, to his estate, a large sum of money after he is in no position to collect the claim. This is the sort of faith that is threaded through our whole American life. *We must not let that faith break down.* It is the only guarantee we have of the perpetuity of our nation! It is just that serious! And how are we to have faith in one another without mutual confidence and trust? Does mutual trust thrive on hate?

(Continued from 1st col., page 551)
clear in his succeeding articles. We have large alien blocs in this country which we have not assimilated and which, from present indications, we shall not assimilate. We could perpetuate no greater folly as a nation than by adding to them. One of the most pertinent lessons of the American experiment is that a nation, to acquire consciousness and effectiveness as a nation, should be created out of a homogeneous stock. A country can exist with certain minority peoples, such as this nation has now, but it should take care that they do not grow too many. We have reached the point now when the process of adding to them must be checked. Whatever details may be worked out for the new immigration laws, this fact should direct their framing. Their main purpose should be to avoid hybridization. Good immigration laws are those that admit the largest number of Northwestern Europeans. Bad immigration laws are those that permit an indiscriminate influx from Eastern and Mediterranean Europe. That is the beginning and the end of wisdom in this great question.

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Popular Delusions

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (Sept. '22, '23)

Floyd W. Parsons

PRACTICALLY all of us today are possessed of monumental conceit. We hold a most exaggerated idea concerning our surpassing wisdom, and regard with amused contempt the vain imaginings of our ancestors who believed in witchcraft and were deluded with all sorts of foolish notions. But when we look into the matter closely, it becomes apparent that we have among us a great army of presumably intelligent individuals possessed of notions which parallel in their absurdity the beliefs of ancient times.

The average citizen is certain that a stern and restrictive code of legislation existed in New England during the early days of our Puritan fathers. Throughout the world at that time many cruelties were included in the methods of government, but in comparison the New Englanders were mild and liberal. In Great Britain there were more than 200 offenses punishable by death, while our most oppressive state imposed the penalty of death for only 12 crimes. This whole discussion of New England blue laws was created by a Tory preacher who was driven out of the colonies to England, and who, in his resentment, had published a long list of absurd enactments, for the purpose of slurring the intelligence of the American patriots. His statement included such fabrications as: "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath. No one shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in his garden or elsewhere except to and from meetings. No one shall travel, cook, make beds or shave on Sunday. No person shall play any musical instrument on that day except the drum, trumpet or jew's-harp." And although even a hasty investigation will prove to anyone's satisfaction

that our colonial acts were neither excessively intolerant nor bigoted, the Tory preacher's libel of early American customs continues to perpetuate the fallacy of New England blue laws. . . .

The whale is not a fish, but breathes with lungs, has warm blood, no scales; and its young are nourished with milk. Cats' eyes are not luminous in the dark. No creature possesses light-giving eyes, and those of the cat appear bright at night because the widely distended pupil catches whatever light there is, in this way collecting rays which are invisible to us. Waving a red rag before a bull will not excite him any more than waving some other bright color. In experiments, the bulls that were subjected to tests paid more attention to white rags than they did to red ones. The fact that red is the color of blood has undoubtedly fostered the fallacy.

It is surprising how many people hold to countless old superstitions, such as the belief that it is unlucky to walk under a ladder, or that Friday is unlucky. Shipping returns indicate that fewer vessels leave port on Friday than on any other day, and yet the records show that in the matter of ocean accidents it is one of the luckiest days of the week. Columbus sailed upon his great voyage on Friday, discovered land on Friday, started back on Friday and again landed in Spain on Friday. Later he started his second voyage on Friday, and finally discovered the Isle of Pines not only on Friday but on the 13th of June, 1494. The Mayflower made the harbor of Provincetown on Friday, and the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth Rock on Friday.

Sometimes we hold delusions that

are capitalized by others. For example, in France the natives are the victims of a long-existing fallacy which says that the blackberry will give you fever. As a result, the people of Great Britain and other countries get the bulk of the French blackberry crop. We are amused by the spectacle of a nation submitting to the tyranny of such a foolish tradition, but at the same time let us not forget that our own ancestors, for no better reason, avoided eating the tempting tomato, or love apple as it was called.

Thousands of American farmers are possessed of fallacies regarding the moon. And when it comes to the oft-repeated assertion that our climate is changing, it can be shown that there has been no appreciable change within the life of people now living. Folks talk of old-fashioned winters, forgetting that we have better housing and heating conditions, improved methods of travel, and that a two or three foot fall of snow looks considerably deeper to a four-foot boy than it does to a six-foot man.

There is no known relation between the weather of one season or year and another. Neither can it be shown that cold years or warm years occur in groups of two or three. The common sayings about groundhog day, a showery Easter, a rainy St. Swithin's day and a supposed equinoctial storm are all silly fabrications without any basis in fact. Folks often say, "Lightning never strikes in the same place." Yet objects which attract one lightning discharge are quite likely to draw another. The Eiffel Tower, which is amply protected from damage, has been struck as many as six times during a single severe storm.

In matters of bodily cures the stock of popular delusions is beyond calculation. Hindu mothers still throw innocent babes to the crocodiles of the Ganges, hoping through this sacrifice to restore health; and

equally absurd practices are common among savages. But we have our own health delusions. All about us are freak schools of healing, with thousands of followers. We have magnetic healing developed from mesmerism, the belief being that the healer casts from his person a magnetic force which enters the body of the patient and drives out pain and sickness. Then we have spiritualistic healing, with fantastic methods based on communications from the unknown world. Recently I wandered into a so-called health-and-power meeting, and in response to the leader's greeting, "How are we all tonight?" the audience chanted in unison, "Fine and dandy. Why shouldn't we be?"

When a thing happens but once it does not leave much impression upon the human mind, but when it happens a second or third time, there are many people ready to attribute this recurrence to the action of some occult or invariable law. Prior to the re-election of General Grant in 1872 there was a superstition prevalent that no man possessed of a middle name could be elected President a second time. Then there has been the superstition for a generation or more that no senator could be elected President, and it was left for Mr. Harding to discredit this notion.

Stefansson says people talk of the silent North. Tens of millions of chirping, squawking birds of a hundred species live entirely north of the Arctic Circle. In the summer there are plenty of mosquitoes and other familiar insects. As for the Arctic's always being cold, no fallacy could be sillier. Temperatures as high as 100 degrees Fahrenheit are often recorded in the summer time.

We find ignorance, fallacies and silly superstitions in practically every field we examine. Our important work is to pick the facts from the fallacies.

Our National Character

Continued from October Digest (Current History Oct. '23)

Arthur T. Hadley, President Emeritus, Yale

I THINK that the undue readiness with which America has been disposed to allow the European claim that we are a materialistic people has been due to the fact that on both sides of the Atlantic we have confused idealism with culture and treated the presence or absence of culture as evidence of the existence or non-existence of idealism. Europe is undoubtedly much more cultivated than the United States and has learned to avoid many of our crudenesses of thought and action. She can show a hundred great monuments of art or letters where we can scarcely produce one. But culture does not necessarily mean idealism. A very cultivated age may be chiefly occupied with getting enjoyment out of the physical side of life. The best age of Greek culture—that of Pericles—was idealistic; the best age of Roman culture—that of Augustus—was materialistic to the last degree. The culture represented by the Gothic cathedrals was accompanied by spiritual idealism; the culture represented by the golden age of Italian art was attended by materialism of the grossest kind. Much as I deplore the scarcity in America of some things which make life in Europe best worth living, I believe that in the underlying spirit of idealism our people are better off than those of Europe, and that our best chance of getting the culture which we lack lies in turning the idealism which we have into new and wider channels rather than misconstruing or underrating it.

The charge of lawlessness cannot be so easily set aside. For the supremacy of law is not maintained throughout the United States to the extent to which several other countries have succeeded in maintaining

it. We suffer from two somewhat different kinds of lawbreaking. The first is the resort to lynch law. Terrified by crimes against persons or property, or excited by appeals to prejudice, men refuse to wait for the slow processes of justice and decide to take the law into their own hands; in other words, to set aside the provisions of our Constitution which guarantee every man a fair trial and prohibit cruel or inhuman punishments.

The second class of cases is of a very different character, but tends to the same disregard of law. In times of public excitement it is not hard for an organized minority to shape the course of legislation. It may be strong enough to control the councils of the dominant party as did the pro-slavery Democrats before the war, or the "radical" Republicans after it; or it may be so organized as to hold the balance of power between two parties and secure compliance with its behests from the party leaders as the price of its support, as has been done by the extreme prohibitionists in recent years. The fact that these minorities are so sincere in their belief in the rightness of their respective causes, makes them advocate radical measures; and, as a result, we have had laws like the Fugitive Slave act, or the Reconstruction acts, or the Volstead act.

In the course of a few years, a measure passed in this way must either get the public opinion of the country pretty solidly behind it, or become a dead letter. But the years that elapse before we know which of these things is going to happen are necessarily a period of lawlessness; partly because the strength of the police is being diverted from the support of public safety and public or-

der in general, for the sake of punishing one class of statutory offenses, and partly because the countenance given by large sections of the public to the men who commit these offenses diminishes the respect for Government authority.

With these two sets of facts before us, it is impossible to deny that the American Commonwealth is in considerable measure open to the charge of lawlessness. But there are other facts in the case which indicate that this lawlessness is not so much chargeable to our national character as to our system of government; that it is not so much a fault of the people themselves as a defect in their constitutional and administrative machinery.

When we sent our troops to Europe in 1918, their discipline was a surprise both to our allies and to our enemies. And this discipline was not primarily due to the skill of those in command, but to the character of the men in the ranks and to their habits of self-government. Now, habits of this kind are not acquired in a few months. The foundation had been laid at home. The same spirit of order and readiness to conform to rules adopted in the public interest, which was manifested by the rank and file of our divisions in Europe, is seen in our public school children in almost every community where the educational system is at all well managed. The capacity of the American school for discipline and for self-government is as conspicuous as was the capacity of the American Army.

But if the people as a whole are disposed to be orderly, where does the lawlessness come from? I think it has two sources: too little provision for public security on the one hand and too much ill-considered legislation on the other. The fact that democracies love freedom makes them jealous of the police and unwilling to give them power enough; the fact that they elect the members of their legislative bodies, leads them to trust their Congresses or Parliament, and

encourages them to legislate too much. But any self-governing people loves order and fairness quite as much as it loves freedom. If the police fail to keep order, the people themselves are tempted to punish the offenders; if the legislature makes laws which seem unfair, the people are tempted to evade or ignore them.

So long as our Government remains what it is today, this sort of spirit is probably necessary, in order to prevent our social system from lapsing into anarchy at some points, or degenerating into tyranny at others. When the people, as a body, are of an orderly and law-abiding disposition, and the methods of government are effective, it is often more important to focus public opinion on these defects and correct them than to try to persuade the nation to accept laws which do not have public opinion behind them. We are told that the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it; but this is not generally true. It is always an expensive way; it is usually an ineffective way. This maxim is often used as a means to perpetuate mistakes and wrongs, under the pretense that those who oppose them are in alliance with the lawless element in the community. It is difficult to discuss these principles dispassionately at the present day, because everybody thinks of their bearing on prohibition in its various aspects, but if we look back fifty years to the condition of the South after the Civil War and study the history of the Fifteenth Amendment instead of the Eighteenth, we shall recognize that there are times when nullification, rather than enforced obedience, may be the safer and more practical remedy for laws unwisely conceived or prematurely adopted. Great as are the evils of disobedience to law, there have been occasions in the history of every great Commonwealth when what appeared on its face to be lawlessness was the manifestation, in more or less irregular fashion, of that spirit of self-government which

is necessary to prevent legislation from degenerating into tyranny.

The really distinctive faults which can be charged against the American people are not due to materialism or to lawlessness, but to the habit of unwarranted self-assertion. If we had to condense this charge into a single word we might use the term "bumptiousness." It results from a combination of two sets of faults; faults of superficial thinking or judgment on the one hand and faults of self-advertising and boastfulness on the other.

In this respect we have fallen from the standard set by our fathers. The pioneer of the West was oftentimes narrow in his thinking and unduly insistent on quick returns for his work, but he was hardly ever superficial. He was habitually self-reliant, but he was not generally self-assertive. The typical frontiersman was not the loud-voiced braggart which he was sometimes pictured as being; on the contrary, he was as a rule self-contained and courteous. He had dealt too much with the forces of nature to overestimate the value of mere talk. His courage was that of deeds and not of words.

From what causes and by what steps did this self-reliance of our fathers degenerate into self-assertion among their children? The mere filling up of the country by a larger population had something to do with it. When households were scattered along the frontier each had to fight for itself and work for itself. When the country became more fully settled, each had to act with others, both in the fight for social order and in the work to provide the country with appliances of civilization. Politics and business both took a form where the leader was the man who could get control of other people's votes or money rather than the man who could fight or work best for himself. And this gave the talker his opportunity. The fact that most of our American communities had grown up without libraries or thea-

tres seems to have made them overvalue oratory. Listening to speeches was their chief intellectual diversion. The second generation of our Western boys lived in an atmosphere which led them to idolize leaders like Clay or Benton or Douglas or Lincoln; to measure a man's power less by his acts than their fathers did, and more by his words. Ability to appeal to the emotions of those about him became the politician's greatest asset.

What happened in politics happened also in business, in a fashion which was less obvious to the public eye, but was even more far reaching in its effects on our national ideals and character. In the old days when men worked for their own communities, at prices generally fixed by custom, success depended upon industry and craftsmanship. As they sought wider and wider markets the power to sell goods at a profit became the measure of success; salesmanship took the place of craftsmanship, and the man who could advertise his wares best was more admired than the man who worked hardest to produce good ones. As our business men learned to control more laborers and to borrow more capital, persuasiveness became an almost fatally important element in business success.

The thing that made it almost fatal, was that it is so much easier to persuade masses of people by an appeal to their feelings than by getting them to think things out. It is so much pleasanter to indulge our fancy under the influence of a speaker who knows how to flatter us than it is to think things out for ourselves. Organized emotion tends to take the place of brains.

Our schools ought to have put us on our guard against this danger. But, unfortunately, the school boards and school teachers themselves have in recent years been sometimes more occupied with imparting the show of knowledge than with training the habit of thought.

Under a combination of all these influences, we tend to overvalue the

show of things. Instances of this are so numerous that each reader can furnish them for himself. They can be found in every field, political, industrial or educational. Nor have I space to set forth the dangers to which it exposes us, in our dealings with other nations or in the handling of our own industrial problems. I shall simply mention one or two suggestions as to the way in which we can best try to correct faults of character which have become so deep rooted.

First, in the schools: Let us recognize the *knowledge* of the facts of history or science which the pupil gets is of very little importance as compared with the *power* of getting at additional facts for himself as he wants them and the *habit* of getting them right. And let us train him in these habits and powers by teaching him subjects where he will have to do most of the work himself instead of expecting his teacher to do it for him. He may not know so many things when he leaves school, but he will be a much more useful citizen. Instead of the "knowledge that puffeth up" he will have some of the "wisdom that edifieth." And if, after the age of 13 or 14, he refuses to do his share in educating himself, let us take him out of school and set him to work under proper regulations. Bad as it may be to set children at work too soon, it is still worse to leave them in a school where they are learning only to shirk and teaching others to do so.

Let our schools at the same time extend as far as possible the good work they already do in teaching habits of courtesy. This will not of itself check superficiality or self-complacency; but it will go far to prevent it from becoming dangerous, particularly in international affairs. Bad manners have been quite as fruitful a source of international misunderstanding as bad conduct.

Second, in business matters, public or private: Let us begin by stopping our artificial encouragement of advertising. I can show what I mean by one or two instances. Congressmen

have often been allowed to print and distribute at public expense speeches which they never delivered and perhaps did not write themselves in order to show their constituents how actively they are promoting the interests of those who elected them. This is not only self-advertising, but fraudulent self-advertising. Or to take a case of another kind, not so bad in principle but worse in the amount of money involved: The income tax law has allowed a man to deduct, from the taxable income of his business, a percentage for advertising which was far in excess of what most men found necessary or desirable before the law was passed. This exemption swelled the advertising columns of our periodicals, created an artificial demand for paper which has hastened the destruction of our forests, and lessened to a considerable degree the amount of income on which taxes could be levied—and all for what? To increase the tendency to display beyond the point where business conditions would have pushed it unaided.

But this is only a beginning. In order to deal effectively with the evil of self-assertion, we must refuse to take the self-assertive man at his own valuation. When P. T. Barnum said that the American people like to be humbugged, he laid bare one of our most dangerous weaknesses. It is so easy for us to accept a man's own estimate of the value of his goods or policies and so hard to determine this value for ourselves that we are apt to abandon the habit of exercising our own judgment through sheer intellectual laziness. But this is just what the members of a free Commonwealth cannot afford to do. By listening to the man who can talk best, we fail to give a fair chance to the man who can think best or act best. The one way in which America can escape the dangers, at home and abroad, to which habits of superficial thinking and self-assertive talk have exposed us is for Americans, individually, to refuse to let themselves be imposed upon by thinking and talk of that kind.

Fires of Conquest

Condensed from *The North American Review* (Nov. '23)

Major Sherman Miles, U. S. A.

ARMAMENT was a comparatively simple affair from the dawn of history to the beginning of the 19th century. The soldier's weapons were so simple that he or local artisans could make them. When he went to the wars, he left no munition contracts behind him. He took some armorers and commissaries with him, and they attended to the few wants he himself could not satisfy. Furthermore, relatively few soldiers went to war. Great armies could not be fed. The tin can had not yet arrived. Nor had transportation developed beyond the horse and sail. Preventative inoculation and sanitation were unknown—great armies would have died. The result was that, until quite recently, wars did not greatly disturb their times. A small part of the people were involved and the needs of armies were so simple that they asked but little from the nations at war.

The modern industrialization of war should tend to make wars less frequent, even if they are not checked by positive measures of pacifism. The outlay, not only in lives and money but also in energy, is increasing tremendously. Not only that, but the tendency of the times is toward democracy. Democracies cannot look on war as did the old aristocracies. It is the difference between the wars of professional soldiers who could be sent out to fight without greatly disrupting the country, and the modern wars of nations in arms in which practically everybody must turn in and help. Furthermore, in democracies everyone has some voice in the decision to war. Majorities may not be less bellicose than the small minorities of aristocracy, but they have fewer foreign ambitions and foreign problems in which they are

interested to the point of being willing to go to war themselves—not merely to send out their professional soldiers and sailors.

Another consequence of the industrialization of war is that it has brought about an interlocking of interests among the nations. The world has become sensitized to the shock of war. The aggressors in a war are no longer sure that they can deal only with one nation or group they attack. The drawing in of other nations is a tendency which inevitably results from a violent disruption of the modern network of delicate international relations. Energy and materials, life and morale, are expended with great rapidity in modern war. The time factor pinches. If the carefully thought out plan is deranged by outside intervention, more and more of the coins of war must be expended by the aggressor, and the hope of profit by conquest vanishes.

And the essence of war has ever been conquest. One side or the other always has a political aim, whether good or evil, which it intends to impose on people beyond its borders.

Modern war is also vulnerable from another point of view. In this Industrial Age only industrial nations can make modern munitions, and no industrial nation (except the United States and perhaps Japan) can feed itself. Furthermore, modern munitions demand in quantity certain metals found only in limited areas and in distant parts of the world—manganese from India, Russia or Brazil, for instance, nickel from Canada or New Caledonia, tungsten from China, Bolivia or the United States. Some important chemical bases are also far flung about on the map. Here are arteries which can

be cut; intervention by outside forces may seriously cripple the war-making power of any nation.

We have, then, the power to suppress war concentrated in the industrial nations—not alone in their ability to deny to the warring nations certain munitions of war, but much more through their actual physical power to crush war. Their sure way to crush it is to be prepared to apply sufficient physical force to stop the war and to deny to the warring nations any war gains. This would not necessarily require great armies and navies, but it would require an unmistakable will to use force if necessary — that war might be deprived of any material success. War cannot be boycotted or shunned out of existence. But war will disappear from the world when the will-to-peace in the industrial nations crystallizes and acts along lines which will prevent war from "getting away" with anything.

Now let us test this theory of war suppression against the outstanding facts of the World War. The fires of conquest were gradually smothered by a gradual accumulation of superior military power. But we did it at an appalling cost: demoralization and devastation such as our civilization had never known. For years the struggle went on under no one directive head. For years there was no intelligent co-operative planning, not even in the elemental matter of supply. And to cap it all, when the end came it found us as unprepared to deal with peace as we had been to deal with war. We had great need to secure the world against another such outbreak, and good reason to punish the guilty; but under the cloak of security we scrambled among ourselves for political and commercial aggrandizement, and imposed our will-to-profit by the right of the conqueror. What possible conclusion can one draw, other than that war can

be suppressed because it *has* been suppressed, that haphazard, unprepared methods of war-suppression lead to monstrous loss and waste, and that war-suppression which ends in political and economic advantages being won by the suppressing powers will but lead to future wars?

The undeniable fact of all history is that man has intermittently lusted for conquest and gone forth to war. No logic nor ethics nor religions have curbed him. By force alone we have recently put down a war outbreak on a great scale—blunderingly, wastefully, but still we have done it. Can we avoid the conclusion that we must devise war-suppressing methods of the future less costly than those used in 1914-18? The victors in that struggle were also the victims; terribly mangled victims, some of them. Since we must use force to suppress conquest, let us reduce its cost by intelligent co-operation. Let us have our plans prepared beforehand; above all, let it be known beforehand that we will use force, if necessary, to suppress war.

What would have been the answer in 1914 had a group of strong, industrial nations been prepared to deal with a violent outbreak of war; prepared in the measure, say, of their preparedness to cope with an outbreak of fire in one of their great cities? What would have been the answer had they been prepared for immediate, concerted action; prepared and determined to see to it that no possible gain could be had by conquest? Under such circumstances, can it be conceived that men would have deliberately lit the firebrands of conquest? If we would rid the world of war, we must have our international organization for war suppression prepared beforehand, and backed by the determination that there shall be no conquest. By that determination may we cut the heart out of war.

(Continued from page 514)
cover, the average farmer has little faith in any panacea.

The entire Middle West appears to be under a bitter sense of grievance against the government and particularly against the Federal Reserve Board because of what happened after the war. Here is what they say:

"During the war the government told us to increase our acreage, to feed the soldiers overseas. When we protested that we could not finance such an effort, Washington told us: 'Never mind, the money will be provided.' Liberty Bonds were also forced upon us in amounts which were often far beyond our capacity to absorb. Many and many a man, under virtual coercion, borrowed money at his bank in order to accept a larger amount of bonds than he could pay for.

"Then what happened? After the war, Washington suddenly ordered all loans called in. We were in no position to pay, and they went ahead anyhow. The result was that thousands of us had to sell our Liberty Bonds at 80 cents or 85 cents on the dollar. These bonds went back to New York and the price immediately went up to par. If the government didn't help to rob us of 15 or 20 per cent of our capital investment, will you kindly tell us what it did do?

"The same thing happened in regard to the additional land which the loyal farmers of the Middle West had bought virtually at the government's orders, with money which the government, indirectly, secured for them. The Federal Reserve Board put the screws on the banks, compelling them in turn to put the screws on the farmers. As a result, the latter lost their newly acquired land, and were very lucky if they didn't lose everything else they possessed in the world, in the bargain.

"We in the Middle West believe that the government is conniving, consciously or unconsciously, in a deliberate effort to pass the ownership of our farm lands into the

hands of the big New York lending institutions."

There are several notions prevalent in the East about the farm situation which the West denies with vehemence, particularly these:

1. That the farmer's troubles are due to his operating with land bought at the absurdly high prices of 1918-19. Universally, the West denies this. Practically every man who bought land at high prices lost it long ago. I was repeatedly assured that in many localities, if a man had been given a farm free and clear in the spring of 1922, had farmed intelligently, without charging one cent for capital investment or for the labor of himself or the members of his family, he would have lost money when he sold his crop in the fall. In Iowa, it is not unusual for an acre of land to carry a school tax of \$2.50 or \$3 a year, a general tax of \$1.50 to \$2 and a burden of \$1 a year for general upkeep, drainage, insurance, etc. To this must be added at least \$5 interest on the investment, or a \$6 carrying charge on the mortgage. Only in rare cases has Iowa land since 1920 returned a gross profit of more than \$10 an acre. The farmer, therefore, has all his labor for nothing and a net loss which he must pay out of his savings, of 50 cents to \$1.50 or more per acre on his farm.

2. That the farmer is getting rich on the mere increase in the value of his land. It is absurd to say that the \$1.25 an acre which was paid in 1880, perhaps, has any relation to the present cost of the land. Taxes have been paid on it from year to year. Drains and good roads have been installed. Money has been borrowed for improvements and interest paid on that money from year to year. There is actually an investment value of \$100 to \$125 an acre on that land even if it has never once changed hands.

3. That the farmer's troubles are the result of sticking to one crop, refusing to diversify. It is true that the one-crop farmer, raising wheat, for instance, lives with his head in

a noose. He does so usually, not because he is a fool, but because wheat is a cash crop, and he must have cash; and because it is even easier for the middlemen to rob him of all profits on other crops and on livestock than it is on wheat. But granting this, diversification is not the solution of the farm problem. Times are about as hard on the highly diversified Iowa farms as they are in the wheat belt in Dakota. When the farmer sends corn to market, corn goes down and hogs go up. When he feeds his corn to hogs and sends them to market, the opposite happens.

4. That everything is all right because prices on farm products are now better. Things are better than a year ago, certainly, except for the wheat farmer. But in many cases, better times will merely mean that it is now worth while for the bank to foreclose, as it hasn't been for the past two years. . . Above everything else it should be remembered that the "Chicago prices" on grain and livestock which you read in your papers are not necessarily the prices the farmer gets. As this is written, corn is listed at \$1.10; but that means corn which the farmer sold at 40 to 55 cents. The new crop is December corn, and that is listed at present at 75 cents. Every farmer with whom I talked is profoundly convinced that when his new corn comes to market, the price will have

been pushed away down. It is done, the farmers say, every year. It is done on every crop.

5. That additional credits by the government will take care of the farm problem. This is about as nonsensical as anything could be. Certainly in the past the farmer has had to pay rates of interest far too high, and in many cases has had his farm taken away from him when he could have saved it if given just a little more time. But unlimited additional credit is a dangerous temptation, perhaps a real handicap, to a man whose business is running at a loss.

6. That government legislation authorizing cooperative organizations for marketing will put the farmer on his feet. In the long run cooperation probably holds out better hope for the farmer than anything else. But cooperation is a thing of slow growth; and to have any real effect would need to spread over a very wide area and reach at least a large minority of the country's six million farmers. . .

Soon or late, these comfortable theories of the East must be abandoned and we must get down to realities. Either the farmer must be paid or he will stop producing and the country will have to stop eating. In the meantime, while the present status continues, the farmer will continue to "see red"; and to send men to Washington who represent that frame of mind.

I want to express my very great appreciation of the magazine. It was thru no effort that I placed these two subscriptions. These friends picked up my copy in the train and offered the subscriptions. I feel that you are making a very great contribution to busy people who want to read the most worth-while articles in all of our magazines.—Mrs. Eda T. Moore, 425 DeBaltiviere Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Official Schools of Crime

Condensed from The Forum (Nov. '23)

Grant Madison Hervey

THE fact that five hundred thousand persons, annually, enter the prisons of America is one that challenges the attention of the world. It is far more than a mere American question. It is a world-problem. What is the good, for instance, of manufacturing expensive legislation in Congress and in 48 state legislatures, if America, simultaneously, and for all time, is manufacturing crooks, lawbreakers, Communists, Bolsheviks, and I know not what, in a thousand equally expensive penitentiaries and jails.

Why not shut down all parliaments, congresses, and state legislatures for the term of one year, and let us have, before mankind, a really practical, constructive world-conference on prison reform?

I who write these challenging lines am myself an ex-convict. I have served a sentence of four years in Australian jails. I went to prison unjustly, in 1915, chained like a slave in the midst of a gang of Chinamen and Russian Finns. And so I know what the State-aided, State-encouraged vice and degradation of prison means. I have been right through; I have been melted, heated, forged, banged, and billeted in the penitential mill. It is a closed-hell process.

Frankly, the churches are bunk. And I who say so am not a fool-agnostic; I am a Bible-loving, Bible-reading, praying, aspiring, hoping, profoundly active and energetic religious man. But, during the four years that I spent in Australian prisons, I never met a clergyman who was not a coward, afraid to face the social crime behind the amazing prison-facts. And during the three or four years which have similarly elapsed, since I came out of the penitentiary, I have never met an Aus-

tralian legislator, nor an editor, nor a preacher who dared to roll up his mental sleeves and go at this prison-question, open-eyed. The whole world today, instead of being controlled on Lincoln's principle, is being managed by cowards for cowards.

The late Booker T. Washington once cavorted all over Europe in search of the man lowest down. He could have found him within one hour, inside Atlanta jail. . . .

The spectacle of woman, clad in prison garb, behind the sombre walls of a penitentiary, is one of the saddest sights in the world. And because I have seen it, I stand up boldly and challenge the attention of the world. Listen to me, America! An ex-convict has a piece to speak, as important as any message to Congress that the President will ever deliver.

Ohio has a confirmed habit of providing Presidents for the United States. But let me ask a question. Since the State of Ohio was established how many professional criminals and breeders of discontent have been manufactured in its jails? And what became of them later on? That I think, is the real question that challenges the pride of Ohio. It is no good saying that the late O. Henry learned his splendid technique, as a writer of short stories, in the State Penitentiary at Columbus. How many men, in that prison, did not learn to write? How many convicts, in Ohio, after their release became social liabilities? What is happening to the male and female convicts, mentally, morally, and physically, right now? How many of them are becoming O. Henry's? How many of them plan upon their release, to specialize in short lengths of lead pipe and bombs?

I would be very glad, and I am

sure that all the people of America would be very glad, if all the earnest editors, legislators, and preachers of Ohio would form themselves into a Committee of Research, determined to discover just exactly how things stand in Ohio's jails. And if the earnest preachers, editors, and legislators of Illinois, New York, California, and Massachusetts would do the same, and would let us have the real facts and figures, then the thing might pay. It might save the United States the cost of a bloody revolution.

Over in Russia, a good half-century ago, a writer with an amazing technique appeared. His name was Feodor Dostoevsky, author of "Crime and Punishment," "The House of the Dead," and many other enduring Russian novels. Dostoevsky learned his technique in jail, and when he came out, after seven years, he started writing books—books which precipitated the Russian Revolution.

Such men as Lenin and Trotsky are simply the prominent social driftwood of their time. It is the quiet literary men who really sow that whirlwind which we know by the name of revolution. Alexander Berkman, for instance, 20 or 30 years ago, shot at Mr. Frick. Berkman was a young fool-anarchist, and he went to the Penitentiary of Pennsylvania for 15 years. When he came out, he wrote a book. Today, that book is a Communistic classic throughout the world. It is pored over by sore-headed young men and women of the revolutionary persuasion in Melbourne and Sydney, in Glasgow and Dundee. And the people of Pennsylvania paid for the writing of that book. What ultimate and social profit have the people of Pennsylvania got to show, after maintaining Alexander Berkman in a penitentiary for 15 years?

When I was in prison in Australia, I was surrounded by the representatives of the I. W. W. Later, the great majority of them were released, after having developed an acidulated fury of hatred against the modern State. And so Tom Barker and others have gone forth and they have barked the bark of Anarchism, Communism, Bolshevism, and I know not what, from Chile to Charters Towers, and from Boston to the Vistula.

To what end? How has Australia gained? Here is a body of discontented men who have helped, since, to poison, and not to sweeten, the thinking processes of the earth. Is it not a sad business? A real investigation of the subject will show that the out-of-date prisons of this world are the supreme menace of this epoch; and that instead of being plunged into the soul-blackening, mind-contaminating vats of prison, every first offender, with certain very obvious exceptions, must be treated as a man with the making of a worthy and a useful citizen, and so be given a new chance.

Over here, we hear much of the Osborne prison-reform plan. Except from the reading of Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne's extremely valuable books, I knew nothing about the practical working of that plan. But I do know that Mr. Osborne, the successful American manufacturer, showed the real spirit of reform when, before accepting an official prison position, he went into Auburn Prison as a voluntary convict, determined to find facts at first hand. Let the preachers, the editors, and the legislators follow in Osborne's steps; and they will come back convinced of the truth of the conclusion stated in the preceding paragraph.

It is the best thing I have found for many moons.—
R. L. Roberts, 35 Hedge St., Fairhaven, Mass.

Your All-Important Glands

Condensed from Pictorial Review (Nov. '23)

Woods Hutchinson, M.D.

HUMAN destinies are swayed by names unknown a decade ago.

The venerable triumvirate, Brain, Heart, and Stomach, which have conducted our internal affairs for immemorial ages, now see their authority flouted by five glands all of which together could be slipped into your watch-pocket.

These glands have literally built the whole body, controlled and directed its growth, determined its size, stature, figure, complexion, color of eyes and hair, temperament, power of intellect and range of imagination! In fact, as a man secreteth in his endocrine glands so is he. The term "endocrine" comes from the Greek, meaning "internal secretor."

The most important gland is the thyroid, located just behind and below our Adam's apple. If it is mal-developed goiter is caused, or else, on the other hand, dwarfishness. The thymus gland is behind the breast-bone, and can scarcely be reached during life. Neither can it be readily X-rayed. Its powers are quite mysterious. The adrenal gland is located upon the top of the kidney and it has an amazingly large variety of activities. The pituitary gland is the smallest, but its outward effects are perhaps the most striking of all. This little coffee-bean gland, located almost in the center of the head, just below the brain, controls our growth and stature and even to a considerable extent our mental capacity. If overdeveloped the result will be gigantism; if undersized the body will generally follow suit and dwarfism result.

Should the thyroid gland be mal-developed in a baby, owing generally

to a defective gland in the expectant mother, the baby may be born apparently normal. But before the second year it will stop growing, its mind fails to develop, its face becomes flat and dull, its lips thick and hanging, the legs thick and shapeless. In this pitiable condition, known as "cretinism," it may exist for 10, 20, 30 years without change or progress. But put the poor imbecile dwarf on proper daily doses of thyroid extract and a marvelous change comes over him. Within a few weeks his face brightens, his features come out of hiding, he begins to talk, his brain wakes up, his body starts to grow apace. Osler has called this one of the greatest triumphs of medicine, "unparalleled by anything in the whole range of curative measures."

Cretinism gives the most striking proof of the tremendous importance of the gland. But for every case of this fortunately rare total failure there are a hundred milder cases in which, under a skilled physician, judicious doses of thyroid extract will set the gland completely on its feet again. Not a few cases of slow growth or backward development of children, with thick, greasy skin, coarse hair, soft, poor teeth, enlarged glands in neck and armpits, sluggishness and general indifference to both play and work, are due to defective thyroids, and can be greatly improved by small doses of thyroid extract.

In the light of our modern knowledge of all the endocrine glands it is more than ever advisable to keep our children under skilled medical observation from birth to puberty. Even after that time, though the thyroid is no longer needed for growth a steady stream of its secretion or hormone

into the blood is still absolutely necessary to keep the tissues of the body up to concert pitch. This is no mere theory, for a slacking down of the thyroid flow will promptly lower the combustion-rate or burning-draft of the body, known as the "basal metabolism," from 20 to 40 per cent. This extraordinary regulator of the draft of the body-furnace is the most important part of the secretion of the thyroid. When it is lacking mind and body both sink into sluggishness and depression.

It was just a year or two ago that Kendall of the Mayo clinic succeeded in analyzing the gland chemically, and making it synthetically, outside of the body. So that we can now manufacture at will our own thyroid hormone, this most powerful tonic is both mind and body. It is a tremendous triumph of recent chemical physiology. So powerful and absolutely accurate in its action that one-sixtieth of a grain injected under the skin will raise our body-burning rate exactly 2.8 per cent. All the endocrine extracts are capable of doing great harm in excess, so that such treatments should be taken only under the constant supervision of a competent physician.

Now what happens if this priceless thyroid hormone tonic fails? A curious sluggishness and flabbiness of the entire body, a sort of cretinism of the middle-aged. This condition results from a very marked thyroid shortage. In lesser cases, stodgy glooms and depressions clear up when thyroid extract is given. Certain types of obesity may be due to thyroid deficiency. It is astonishing in how large a number of chronic disturbances and depressions, especially in middle age, it is becoming customary to make a test of the basal metabolism to see if the thyroid is at fault.

The adrenal gland is the minute-man, ever ready to spring to arms at approaching danger. It sends one

special hormone to the liver to throw more sugar-fuel into the blood, while another hormone acts directly on the blood itself and trebles the quickness of its clotting, so as to check hemorrhage from wounds. Its chief medical value, however, is as a swift and powerful stimulant to the heart and circulation in desperate straits, such as collapse during a surgical operation or in childbirth. So striking is its action on the heart that quite a number of cases have been reported of children born apparently dead, breathless and pulseless, who have been brought to life by an injection of adrenin directly into the substance of the heart; also of surgical patients whose hearts had suddenly stopped beating and who after 10 or even 20 minutes of apparent death were promptly restored by a similar injection. Adrenin is also of great value in asthma, certain forms of bronchitis, and it has a direct stimulating action upon the nutrition of the brain and nerves.

In closing, two other points are of great practical importance. One, that a large share of the vagaries of the thyroid are believed to be due to a struggle for proper supplies of iodine, a dark-colored substance found in sea-water, and which is so frequently painted over the skin as an antiseptic and absorber of inflammations; and that most of them, including goiter, can be prevented in the rising generation by small doses of iodine, in the form of chocolate tablets, once a week to school-girls about puberty, and in future generations by a similar dosage to expectant mothers.

The other, that the nutrition and vigor of most of the endocrine glands are declared to be largely dependent upon a liberal amount of the now famous vitamin in our diet. So that with plenty of butter, salads, and fruits every day and sea-spray chocolates at critical periods, the outlook for endocrine harmony in future generations is most hopeful.

Aspects of Industrialism

Condensed Extracts from The Century Magazine (Nov. '23)

Bertrand Russell

WHAT is called civilization may be defined as the pursuit of objects not biologically necessary for survival. It first arose through the introduction of agriculture in the fertile deltas of great rivers, more particularly in Egypt and Babylonia. Everywhere else, primitive agriculture exhausts the soil and compels frequent migrations, but this was not the case in the deltas. Here the surplus food produced by one man's labor above one man's needs was sufficient to make possible the creation of a small leisure class, and it was this small leisure class that invented writing, architecture, mathematics, astronomy, and other arts essential to all subsequent civilization. Today, if every man and woman worked for four hours a day at necessary work, we could all have enough; and the leisure remaining would be amply sufficient for even the most intensive cultivation of science or art. Man's true life does not consist in the business of filling his belly and clothing his body, but in art and thought and love, in the creation and contemplation of beauty, and in the scientific understanding of the world. If the world is to be regenerated, it is in these things, not only in material goods, that all must be enabled to participate.

A man who has some education is a more efficient worker than one who can neither read nor write; hence all industrial countries have adopted universal compulsory education. This would scarcely have been possible without industrialism, since the time of teachers and pupils could not easily have been spared from more immediately necessary work. With the coming of industrialism and the complicated processes that it in-

troduces, universal education becomes both more possible and more obviously necessary.

In an industrial community no man is self-subsistent. Even the capitalist is dependent: if men would not work for him, he would starve. Agriculture, as it becomes more scientific, requires manures and machines that cannot be produced on the spot. Thus the whole community becomes knit together, so that the life of each depends upon the life of all. The destruction of a power station may cause all the factories, trams, lights and electric trains of a district to cease working. This is merely an example of the universal law that what is more highly organized is more sensitive. It follows that lawlessness and destructiveness can do far more harm in an industrial community than they can where the methods of production are more primitive.

Religion appears to be difficult to combine with industrialism. The successful capitalists remain religious, partly because they have every reason to thank God for their blessings, and partly because religion is a conservative force, tending to repress the rebelliousness of wage-earners. But industrial wage-earners everywhere tend to lose their religious beliefs. Yet it is singularly easy to adapt Christianity to the needs of the poor, since it is only necessary to revert to the teachings of Christ. The chief reason, I believe, why industrial workers everywhere tend to atheism and materialism is that the welfare of wage-earners is more dependent upon human agency and less upon natural causes than is the case with people whose manner of life is more primitive. People who depend upon the

weather are always apt to be religious, because the weather is capricious and non-human. On the rock-bound coast of Brittany, where Atlantic storms make seafaring a constant peril, the fishermen are more religious than any other population of Europe; churches crowd the coast, where every headland has its Calvary with the lofty crucifix so placed as to be visible many miles out to sea. . . . To the peasant fertility and famine are sent by God, and religious rites (Harvest Thanksgiving, prayers for rain or fair weather) exist to secure the one and avert the other.

The industrial worker is not dependent upon the weather or the seasons. The causes which make his prosperity or misfortune seem to him, in the main, to be purely human and easily ascertainable. Hence I believe that industrialism is the fundamental reason for the decay of religion in modern communities.

Another effect of industrialism is the break-up of the family resulting from the employment of women. The employment of women has two effects: on the one hand it makes them economically independent of men; on the other hand it makes it difficult for them to bring up their children themselves. Throughout Europe the process of disintegration had already begun before the war, and has been enormously accelerated since, owing to the ease with which women found employment in government offices, in munition works or on the land. When the woman goes out to industrial work like her husband, and the children spend most of their day at school, the tie between husband and wife is enormously weakened. It is probable that with the growth of industrialism the practice of eating in public eating-houses will increase and housework will be reduced to a minimum. The children will have first their first midday meal, and then all meals, at school; thus the peculiar work that has hitherto been done by wives will grow less and less. The family has been hitherto

a refuge of privacy. A man with unusual tastes or opinions could bring up his children with a view to their sharing his peculiarities; but this must cease when the state takes over the education of children. Thus the break-up of the family must increase the tendency of uniformity throughout the population, and weaken all those individual traits which cannot grow or flourish in a life lived wholly in public.

Another tendency of industrialism is the tendency to value things for their uses rather than for their intrinsic worth. A man's work is so specialized that his product has not in itself any direct human value. This leads men to become utilitarian rather than artistic. The journey from means to end is so long in specialized industry, and the distinctive merits of industrialism are so exclusively concerned with means, that people lose sight of the end altogether and come to think more production the only thing that is of importance. Quantity is valued more than quality, and mechanism more than its uses. Hence there is a decay of art and romance under industrialism. Deeper than this, it has come to be thought that the important part of a man's life is the economic part. It does need our thought, because it is diseased. But the bodily needs of all could be supplied by means of only a few hours of daily labor on the part of every man and woman in the community. It is the remaining hours which should be regarded as important — hours that could be devoted to enjoyment or art or study, to affection and woodlands and sunshine in green fields. The capitalist is unable to value these things: he sees in his dreams a world where goods are produced more and more easily and are distributed with impartial justice to workers too tired and bored to know how to enjoy them. What men are to do with leisure he neither knows nor cares; presumably they are to sleep till the time for work comes round again.

Voces Populi

Condensed from The Bookman (Nov. '23)

Elmer Murphy

WASHINGTON has been called the national listening gallery. Its function is chiefly auricular. It is portrayed in the habitual attitude of cupping its hand to its ear to catch the confused murmurings or the vociferous outcries blown in upon it from the world without.

The idea for the picture possibly was planted in the first amendment to the Constitution which safeguards "the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for redress of grievances." But it is to be doubted that the constitutional fathers who sowed the seed had any notion of the harvest of discord their successors would reap. The wording of the amendment itself implies a certain deference and dignity in the manner of approach. There was no thought of turning Congress into a hustings or opening the door of government to the clamorous demands of a voluble and volatile public sentiment.

But the deliberate quiet which the constitutional elders seem to have conceived as the proper setting for government has been broken in upon by the legislative agent, the propagandist, and the herald of reform. They are no longer obliged to carry on their activities furtively, like their lobbyist predecessors. The essence of their existence is publicity. They are, or they profess to be, the mouthpieces of unnumbered thousands or millions whom the genius of the printing press and the modern gregarious instinct have brought together into an agglomerate whole.

Washington is no longer obliged to turn its ear to the breeze to catch the echoes which reflect the state of the popular temper. The chosen spokesmen crowd upon its doorstep. They can be counted by the score,

from the American Federation of Labor and the United States Chamber of Commerce, established institutions with imposing buildings to house them, to the National Milk Producers' Federation and the National Committee to Promote Self Government in India. Under the single head "national" are listed 45 organizations of this character, not a few of which are of the multiplex type. The National Council for the Prevention of War announces that it is the "clearing house for 36 national organizations that propose the substitution of law for war immediately." The Federal Council of Churches of Christ speaks in the name of an imposing array of Christian denominations with a membership of twenty millions.

Their field of activity is illimitable. It extends from the Philippines, whose people have set up a press bureau to mold American opinion to the idea of independence, to war torn Europe and the far recesses of the earth, and covers an astonishing variety of questions from the traffic in "filled milk" to the restoration of peace and righteousness throughout the world. There are associations intent upon the enactment of "blue laws" and other associations equally intent upon the preservation of individual liberties. For every blast of the Anti-Saloon League and the Board of Temperance there is a counterblast from the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment. The capital, which was hedged about by a bulwark of voteless citizens to protect it from the storm of political controversy, has become the battleground of the war of words.

Many of these organizations have a more praiseworthy purpose than propaganda, and, as Mr. Hoover

would probably testify, the task of government in many instances has been simplified by reason of the fact that it can deal with a cohesive and responsible organization rather than a scattered industry—one of the lessons of the war. Others are more devoted to the dissemination of knowledge than the spread of fixed ideas. But the energies and resources of a large proportion of them are given over mainly to impressing public opinion with the stamp of their own convictions and compelling the government to accept it as the political coin of the realm.

The professional propagandist is less concerned with the substance than with the volume of his utterances, for it is the theory of his calling that even platitudes proclaimed in the voice of ten million voters take on an imposing significance, political wisdom being a matter of numbers. His business is one of collective utterance, the merchandising of public opinion which is gathered up, packed, labeled, and deposited like so much canned goods on the doorstep of the government. And he no longer comes forward in a spirit of meekness but sits elbow to elbow with the legislator demanding peremptorily not merely what shall be done but now it shall be done.

It is small wonder that those to whom the task of government has been committed have been brought finally to rebel against the incessant nagging and the vociferous advice to which they have been subjected by these apostles of special causes. Mr. Hughes, demurring mildly, has observed that "those who create a public sentiment which makes it difficult for honorable statesmen to find ways of practicable adjustment of international problems are worse offenders than intriguing diplomats." The troubles of Mr. Hughes are no greater than those of his colleagues.

The Secretaries of War and of the Navy face the dilemma of doing what is expected of them and being denounced as sabre rattling militarists, or being criticized as incompetents.

The music by which the member of Congress dances comes from afar. Yet the time is not far gone when a Senator of the United States would have frowned upon the advice now so freely given him or the demands now so boldly made upon him. Senators then would not conceivably have submitted to becoming mere sounding boards to take up and magnify the complaints of a class or constituency.

Today Senator Brookart proclaims that he is the voice of the farmers' bloc; Senator Hefflin pours out the unceasing lament of the southern tiller of the soil; and so on through the list. To be only a Senator, to speak in the still small voice of an honest endeavor to do what is right in the light of the eternal political verities, is to be lost in the tempestuous clamor of a debate brought down to the level of the bally hoo.

One may with justification suspect that there is more of false prophecy than of wisdom among those who so readily offer themselves to do the speaking as well as the thinking for their fellow men. In the confusion of their shouting the bewildered voter is constrained to fall back on Hamilton's advice to those who were about to vote on the adoption of the Constitution: "Every man is bound to answer these questions to himself, according to the best of his conscience and understanding, and to act agreeably to the genuine and sober dictates of his judgment. No partial motive, no particular interest, no pride of opinion, no temporary passion or prejudice, will justify to himself, to his country, or to his posterity an improper election of the part he is to act."

Continue producing as great a time-saver as your monthly Digest now is, and your subscribers must increase rapidly as busy men learn of its great value.—
Horace W. Beek, Windward Apts., Venice, Calif.

Whirlpools of Beer

Condensed from The Ladies' Home Journal (Nov. '23)

A. B. Macdonald

"Millions of dollars are being spent in a drive to nullify the Volstead Law and legalize the sale of light wine and beer. The brewers and others who are behind this campaign are flooding the country with their arguments. They point to the liquor law of the province of Quebec, Canada, as the ideal law. They call it a temperance law, and they would like to see one of its kind in operation in the United States. Under that law the government controls all sales of alcoholic beverages, and there is unrestricted use of beer and wine. The wet propagandists of this county contend that this has brought about a marked decrease in drunkenness and in the evils it brings; that the law is respected and observed by the people; that it has put an end to home-brewing and bootlegging; that there is very little graft, corruption and crime; that it has taken the liquor business out of politics and that "under its influence temperance is more and more the rule among the great masses of the people."

J. D. HUDSON, comptroller of the National Breweries told me, "The Quebec law is the greatest temperance law ever enacted. We give the people all the beer they want, and that has reduced drunkenness to about nothing." An hour later, in the Recorder's Court in Montreal. I was given some statistics showing that in the last two years there came into that court 12,048 persons who had been arrested in Montreal while "lying drunk in a public street or public place." Not just shouting drunk, not fighting drunk, not staggering drunk, but helplessly dead drunk, "lying drunk in a public street or public place."

That night on my first day in Montreal I sat in one of the 307 licensed beer saloons of that city, a room with 26 tables, at which more than one hundred men were drinking beer. I ordered a pop soda, and a man near me said in beery friendliness: "Don't

be afraid of this beer, old man; you can drink a barrel of it and not get drunk." I moved to another table to be rid of him, and 30 minutes later he had crumpled down like a wilted plant, his face in a puddle of beer sops. One of the big, husky waiters finally ran him across the floor, his legs dangling loosely like those of the scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz, and shot him, slam-bang, through the door into the street. I saw 12 men drunk on beer in that one saloon that night, and I saw fully 50 men there who were in various stages on the road to dead drunkenness.

I went that night into 12 saloons where nothing was sold but the beer which the government of Quebec says makes for temperance. There were the same old maudlin songs and laughter, same old vulgarity, same old quarreling, same old drunks. Before midnight I saw 100 men unmistakably drunk, and I saw many of them led to the door and pushed out. On the sidewalks I saw men staggering, and around a fountain were four men "lying drunk." Between midnight and morning, in a cabaret and in a half-dozen bootlegging clubs and joints, I saw hundreds of women drinking; many of them mere girls; and fully one-third of them were drunk.

In addition to the 307 saloons in Montreal, there are 500 grocery stores that sell beer in bottles to families, delivering it as ordered, and I wondered in how many homes of Montreal were men and women that night, drunk on beer, who were not counted in the official statistics.

The next morning I went to the Recorder's Court. There was the

same old police-court scene that I had witnessed a thousand times in the old days in an American city; same old groups of seedy men and pitiful girls and women at the bar. Back in the corner a boy of 12 or 13 years stood with his two fists doubled up and shoved into his eyes, to hide the tears and the shame in his poor little face, for his mother was at the bar, for "lying drunk" on the sidewalk. The mother told the judge she wasn't drunk; she drank only three bottles of beer. I asked an officer if she could get drunk on that. "Say," returned the officer, "some of this beer's so strong, if a man'd drink two bottles of it he'd go out and try to sell the Victoria Bridge."

The following Saturday night, in the city of Hull, Quebec, I went into the Wellington saloon and in a room as large as a big church I saw 400 men at tables, drinking beer, all talking and arguing and cursing together, and many drunk. The owner of the saloon told me that with his rooms upstairs he had room for 700 persons to sit at one time at tables and drink beer. Upstairs I saw 100 men and 36 women, all drinking beer together, and one of the drunken women was on top of a table, trying to sing and dance. The Wellington was only one of the hundreds of places in Hull where men and women were getting drunk on beer that night.

The drive for light wine and beer in Quebec began in the same way it did in the United States, and the things that have grown out of it—political control of the province by the brewers; the gradual change from light to strong beer, and the increase in drinking and its attendant evils—are indicative of what will come to pass in this country if the sale of wine and beer is legalized.

In 1918, the closing year of the war, the demand for prohibition in Quebec became so insistent that the government had a prohibitory law drawn up and announced that it would go into effect the following spring.

That would have closed more than a dozen big breweries. Their owners were rich and influential, and they brought such pressure to bear that the government backed down and, instead of putting into effect the prohibitory law it had promised, it submitted the light beer and wine question to the vote of the people. The beer was to contain not more than 2.51 per cent of alcohol, and the wine and cider 6.94 per cent, weight measure; and hard liquors were to be sold by venders and only on doctors' prescriptions. There was a whirlwind campaign, secretly managed by the brewers, and the province was plastered broadcast with the same old arguments, so familiar in the United States just now. The word "light" caught the fancy of the people, as it is now luring so many in this country, and it was argued that wine and beer were really temperance drinks.

Then developed the exact situation that the brewers in the United States met in their attempt, after prohibition went into effect, to market a near-beer substitute for real beer. The people would not drink it. A brewer in a large city in the United States told me that since prohibition he had lost \$300,000 a year trying to popularize his nonalcoholic near-beer. "People drink beer for just one purpose, for the kick they get from the alcohol in it," he said. The brewers of Quebec soon found that out.

Today the word "light" with which the brewers enticed the voters has been wholly forgotten by them, and there is no limit to the alcohol they may put in their beer. The greater part of it contains from 6 to 8 per cent, and much of it 10 and 12 per cent. "Light" wine has been forgotten, too, and most of it contains 15 per cent and more of alcohol. When the breweries were trying to sell light beer they were in a bad way financially. Their stock was down as low as \$15 a share. Within a year after the present law went into effect and they began making strong beer, it had jumped to \$185 a share. No wonder the brewers of the United States are spending millions in a drive to have their plants set going again.

(To be continued)

Reader's Digest Service

As I Like It

Extracts from Scribner's Magazine

William Lyon Phelps

THE all-but-universal interest in a prize-fight is a fact that we must recognize. It may be lamentable, but there is no good pretending it isn't so. It extends itself into unsuspected localities. Let me repeat here a true story I told in "The Nation" years ago. My father was an orthodox Baptist minister. He was a good man and is now with God. He had never mentioned the subject of prize-fighting and I was not aware that he took the slightest interest in it. When he was well over 70, I was reading the news to him one day, and I read the headline, "Corbett Whips Sullivan." I was about to pass on to matters of importance, when to my amazement he leaned forward and said earnestly: "Read it by rounds."

With reference to my remarks on the universal interest in sport, the president of one of our high-class universities writes me as follows: "Your Doctor of Divinity who read the sporting page before he read the war news would think charitably of a Doctor of Divinity (most reverend and lovable) by whose side I sat in his great city church on a recent Sunday morning. As the organ boomed over our heads the dear man inclined toward me and whispered some words. What words of like dignity with the organ prelude the congregation imagined him to be saying, I do not know. What he did say was: 'How did your team come out yesterday?'"

A constantly growing method of "literary criticism" seems to have been borrowed from the political arena; it is analogous to what used to be called Tillmanism. At first Tillman seemed out of place in the Senate; but soon the picturesque habits of speech amused the ground-

lings to such an extent that Tillman became a decidedly popular man throughout the country, and a whole school of imitators sprang up who had all of his grotesqueness with none of his sincerity. Coarseness was taken for virility. Much of the same change has taken place in what passes for literary criticism; readers demand that it be highly spiced, and as brutal as possible. The bludgeon and the brickbat have taken the place of the rapier. I cannot think that this new method is any more effective than the old, either in politics or in English composition. Let me illustrate. A United States Congressman was making a speech, when he was interrupted by a question from the audience; looking contemptuously at the individual who had ventured to heckle him, he shouted, "Go wash your neck!" which was thought to be very funny by the crowd. Leaving out entirely the question of good manners, let us see if this reply seems as effective as the one made by John Morley in an English general election. At the conclusion of his speech he asked for the support of his hearers, when one excited individual leaped up and screamed: "I would rather vote for the devil!" Mr. Morley, in a quiet and courteous voice, replied: "Quite so; but in case your friend declines to run, may I not then count on your support?" . . . The Gentleman ought not to become obsolete. . . .

I do not believe that there has ever been in any country a finer group of men than the leading American writers of 1840-1880. Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whitier, Holmes, Lowell—every man a gentleman of the finest type, sincere,

considerate, affectionate, loyal, truthful, and clean. When these intimate friends met one another at the house of Mrs. Fields, they met as peers; that any of them could be guilty of treachery, disloyalty, meanness, or vulgarity simply never occurred in their minds. Their native wit in conversation was heightened by their personal charm. How strange it is that this is the group of men who are now accused of hypocrisy, and insincerity, and cowardice. . . .

Prejudice plays too large a part in our opinions and in our conversation. I think it would be well if every one, on rising in the morning, made a silent but determined declaration of individual independence. Let us talk less about democracy, and become more democratic; let us talk less about truth, and speak it more frequently; let us talk less about freedom, and become free. . . .

Twenty years ago I could always tell whether or not a book was printed in America, merely by "hefting" it. English books were always light, and ours the reverse. Today the majority of good books in America are easy to hold; the ideal is dull paper, black type, and light weight. There is no longer any excuse for the old monstrosity of shiny, eye-killing paper, and weight so ponderous that to read the book becomes a gymnastic, rather than a literary, exercise. . . . Speaking of books printed in America, it is much better to have the legend shown on the reverse side of the title-page than at the end of the volume, where it so often makes an anti-climax. A novel's lost page will sometimes read like this: "She pressed her lips to his. Printed in the United States of America." . . .

When you are traveling on a railway-coach and a fat man in front of you opens the window, thus getting the pleasant air himself, and giving you the cinders, an excellent plan is to raise your newspaper directly between you and the onslaught of dirt, and read it with absorbed attention. This causes a superb fun-

nel. The draft and the dirt pour copiously down the neck of the villain, and unless he is a hard-boiled rhinoceros, he will close the case-ment. . . .

The English language, easiest of all languages to learn to read, write, talk, and understand, is the most difficult to pronounce correctly. We, therefore, who are natives ought to take pride in speaking it accurately. I am glad that an organization has been formed with the avowed object of improving pronunciation in America. I have not met six persons in my life who invariably used correct English. I doubt if I have ever heard an extempore public address of any length that was not marred by some error of grammar, not to mention mistakes in pronunciation. . . . I remember meeting on an ocean-liner a cultivated Polish gentleman who spoke English with fluent inaccuracy. I complimented him on the ease with which he, like so many other Slavs, spoke other languages than his own, and added that with the exception of the pronunciation, he spoke English as easily as anybody. He was indignant, and insisted that he spoke English exactly as well as any native. I offered to give him an English sentence, and leave him alone with it for three hours; and said I was certain that he would not be able to pronounce it correctly. He demurred at the three hours, declaring that to be an insult, and wished to read the phrase at sight. But I was firm. I took him to the smoking-room, wrote out the sentence, and returned in three hours. This is the sentence:

Though the tough cough and hic-cough plough me through.

I wish you could have seen and heard him. He made a number of false starts, and finally got into such a condition that he could not pronounce a single word in the collection. I thought he was going to lose his mind.

It is an excellent sentence to try on that vast number of foreigners who fancy their English.

The following comments appear in the magazines from which the articles were selected:

BRUCE BLIVEN (p. 514) is one of the editors of The New Republic.

GARRETT P. SERVISS (p. 517) has been for years a popular guide and interpreter of the heavens. In books and on the platform, Mr. Serviss has described the wonders of astronomy for the benefit of a vast multitude of interested people.

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS (p. 523) is pastor of the First Congregational Church, Akron, Ohio, and a frequent contributor to magazines.

SIR FREDERIC MAURICE (p. 527) who was present at the sessions of the League of Nations during the Italian-Greek crisis, is a Major-General in the British Army. He was military adviser to the Cabinet during the war, and director of military operations of the Imperial General Staff in 1915-1916.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON (p. 529) is Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, and author of "The Outline of Science."

CLIFFORD THORNE (p. 531) is a distinguished lawyer of Iowa. At present he is making a tour of the world.

DR. G. STANLEY HALL (p. 533), one of the most widely known and distinguished psychologists, was for 32 years president of Clark University. Since he resigned that position in 1920, he has devoted himself to study and writing, four books having appeared under his name within the past few years. These are "Morale: The Supreme Standard of Life and Conduct," "Recreations of a Psychologist," "Senescence," a companion work to his great book "Adolescence," published in 1904, and "Life and Confessions of a Psychologist." He founded the American Journal of Psychology, and was its editor from 1887 to 1921.

JOHN GALSWORTHY (p. 537) is one of the most distinguished writers of the English-speaking world. His article and a companion one by Mrs. Margaret Deland, entitled "The Great Determination" have been reprinted in pamphlet form. Single copies will be sent free for the asking, and quantities will be supplied at cost. Address Editor Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

FRANK R. KENT (p. 539) is the political editor of the Baltimore "Sun," and vice-president of the company which publishes that newspaper. Mr. Kent's simple description of the simple facts about the actual practice (not theory) of American Government is A B C to the politicians, but is Alpha Beta Gamma (otherwise "Greek") to most everyday folk, who proudly exercise the privilege of free-born citizens on general election day and do not know that all the real business was transacted several months earlier at the primaries, where they did not vote.

J. B. POWELL (p. 543) is the editor of "The China Weekly Review," which is the only American weekly newspaper in China. Mr. Powell has been a leader of American activities in Shanghai and has been particularly concerned with the commercial progress of the United States in China. In this issue he begins the intimate story of one of the most famous raids in modern history.

CHARLES R. CRANE (p. 549), America's former Minister to China, gives the first public account of what he saw and heard in the Soviet Republic on his way back to the United States from the Legation in Peking.

Note: Mr. Crane's article is substituted in this issue of the Digest in place of a continuation of last month's paper on "The Soviets and World Revolution."

MAJOR SHERMAN MILES (p. 559), after his return from Europe in 1919 was on the General Staff in Washington. He was Military Attache in the Balkans during the Balkan Wars, and in Russia during the World War from 1914-1915. He was with the General Staff, American Expeditionary Force, and later was detailed to the American Peace Commission for work in Central Europe.

GRANT MADISON HERVEY (p. 563) is editor of "The Mildura and Merbein Sun," of Mildura, Victoria, and writes for other Australian papers. His style has a characteristic Colonial breeziness that has earned for him the reputation in London, according to "The New Age," of being a "combination of W. T. Stead, John Burns, and Hilaire Belloc, rolled into one."

BERTRAND RUSSELL (p. 567) is an English social philosopher whose books and magazine articles have been widely read in this country. He was for many years a lecturer in Trinity College, Cambridge. Among scientific men Mr. Russell is known as a mathematician, and has published standard mathematical books. He has also written philosophical books, which have established his reputation with philosophers.

ELMER MURPHY (p. 569) has been a Washington, D. C., newspaper correspondent for many years, and consequently intimately associated with political trends.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (p. 573) is "Yale's most popular professor." A year of his delightful comment in "As I Like It" has been made into a volume with the same title as the department, and will be particularly pleasing to those who wish to turn back for reference to his genial opinion on many phases of life and letters.

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